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RON. SHELLEY. KEATS.

PRIZE ESSAYS

with Life-incidents of

THE FOUNDRESS

ROSEMARY CRAWSHAY

AND

"DOMESTIC ECONOMY"



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Rose Mary Crowsley
1886

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BYRON-SHELLEY-KEATS.

In Memoriam

ENDOWED YEARLY PRIZES.

PRIZE ESSAYS

BY COMPETITORS.

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[EACH WRITER IS RESPONSIBLE ONLY FOR HER OWN ESSAY.]

WITH LIFE INCIDENTS OF THE FOUNDRESS,
ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY.

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BRECONSHIRE :

MRS. CRAWSHAY, CATHEDINE, BWLCH.

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PREFACE TO SECOND THOUSAND.

IN offering to the world a second edition, it is always well to be able to say "with new matter"—and as the following courtesies of the press are now "out of print," they will be virtually to some persons "new matter."

One who has been "well abused" in the noontide of life may be pardoned; when at the sunset hour the lights have changed, and actions and even "fads" are judged by a different standard; if she yield to the egotistical temptation of the following reprints.

It is hoped that the coloured ink and variations in the size of type may render the following pages easy reading for aged eyes.

Noteworthy Men and Women of Wales.

MRS. ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY.

By C. WILKINS, F.G.S.

IN the spring of the year 1846, upon a fine May day, there was a break in upon the dull monotony of life at Merthyr. The sound of work, of the incessant blazing fires, and of the thud of the huge hammers, and the passing to and fro of the army of labour, many as black as night, came to a welcome pause. And thousands literally abandoned work and home, and thronged for miles down the Cardiff Road, for the news had gone forth that Mr. Robert Crawshay was coming home that day, and bringing with him his bride. Few men were more popular than the great ironmaster, and there was a hearty desire to welcome him home. And, in addition, there was a certain spice of curiosity, not confined altogether to the gentler sex, for the rumour was that she was very beautiful, and would have adorned the noblest house in the land. So down the road went the thousands, some carrying stout cords. It was not fitting, said they, that the master and his wife should come by train. The carriage must be drawn by lusty fellows, and the cheers of loyal-hearted men should make the hills resound. And it was done.

The boys of that day are old men now, apt to saunter by the wayside and exchange recollections with familiar friends. Few events in their lives outshine the grand entry of that day. Mr. Crawshay with delight beaming from his face ; she, waving hands more fair than it had been the lot of our dusky Hebes to witness, herself beautiful as a poet's dream. And around surged the dense crowd, huzzaing, with one mighty volume, until the castle was reached, and with parting thanks the great event came to an end, and the night fell, and voices of the multitude died away. The event was followed by a good deal of rejoicing, balls and banquets. In some of the old Merthyr houses engravings are yet preserved of the grand ball, taken in honour of the occasion, when the grandsires and grand-dames of the present generation attended in the stiff fashion of the day, and tripped it merrily, the workmen thronging around the place not forgotten, and all delighted. Such was the entry of Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshay into her new home, and from thence until comparatively late years she became a prominent figure in Merthyr life. At our request, Mrs. Crawshay, who now only resides amongst the hills in midsummer, has penned her early recollections. It will be fitting that these precede the notice of her Merthyr career. We give the reply as received :—

“ You ask me for some of my earliest recollections—to begin with, will give you one still earlier ! *viz.*, that I was born on January 17th, 1828, at Horton Grove, the whole country round being at that time submerged,

and boats plying in the four-mile-off town of Windsor. My godmother, a schoolfellow of my mother, and a romantic spinster, would not tell what name she would give me until the moment to 'name this child' should arrive. Then, in the drawing-room of my father's house, our facetious rector, Dr. Brown, officiating, she said 'Rose,' immediately followed by my father saying 'Mary,' this being my mother's name, and it was immediately bestowed on me under the form of 'Rosemary.'

"When the year came in which I should be taught to read, this knowledge was imparted by the wife of my father's commanding officer, Colonel Wood (but no relation to Colonel Wood, of Stouthall). My daily lesson over, I played in the grounds of the manor house, and always at this hour I ascended one side of a flight of white marble double steps, and as regularly on the opposite side came up a beautiful white Persian cat to greet me, and as the tip of her tail was invariably the first of her that came into view, I, even at that early age, thought it a convincing proof that the world was round; for had I not been taught that a proof of this axiom is to be found in the top of a ship's mast first showing on the horizon, and, combined with the evidence given by Fluff's tail, what stronger proof could be desired?

"Years after, when poor pussy died, her kind master, Colonel Wood, wrote her epitaph, which I have remembered 'all these years'—

Reader, arrest your steps awhile,
Beneath this larch's shade,

Nor let me see a passing smile,
That here poor puss is laid.

'For thirteen years the mouse's foe
In larder, house, and stable,
She filled the world with kittens, too,
As long as she was able.'

"I remember my mother being beautiful, with a rose-leaf complexion, to which what did duty for society journals in that day, did full justice on the occasion of the first Court ball at Brussels, at which she appeared. We have no picture of her, for she had the immense aversion to 'sitting' that I have inherited, and there was then no photography to come to the help of the victim. A picture of her brother, whom I have heard she resembled, bears a strong likeness to poor Chatterton, the boy-poet and suicide.

"Later on, I had the dearest of nursery governesses, a certain Miss Howis, a Leominster woman, who under the roof of Admiral Smyth, my father's intimate and early friend, had 'given their first literary bent to those distinguished sons and daughters now known to the world as Professor Piazzzi Smyth, the late Sir Warrington Smyth, Colonel Henry Smyth, the governor of Malta, Mrs. Baden Powell, Lady Flower, and poor Mrs. Toynbee, who died some years ago.

"My mother died, alas! when I was young—she herself had been early an orphan, and was brought up by an elder brother, who, even in those far away days, held the heterodox view that women's brains would as well repay cultivation as men's, and, therefore, he had his young sister taught, not only Latin and Greek,

but also the 'ninety-nine points of good husbandrie,' and such matters. Years after, during her last long illness, I saw always a shabby, small, dark brown leather volume on the table by the sofa, where she reclined all day; and with childish curiosity I peeped into it. It was *The Moral Philosophie of the Stoicks*, printed in what I have since found was 'black letter.' I did not get beyond the title page, but now would willingly read more of that little book.

"My father, W. Wilson Yeates, a godson of the late Sir Maryon Wilson, Bart., of Hampstead fame, never took rank, as he married very young, and it was made a *sine quâ non* that he should then leave the army. He was a handsome man, 6ft. 2in., and strikingly like Leopold, the late King of the Belgians—so much so that, finding all the military saluting him at Ostend one day, he enquired the reason, and was told that he was mistaken for the king. This was on the occasion of a journey we took to Brussels, which we children greatly enjoyed, my father travelling with his own horses from Horton to that capital, where we lived on a beautiful *boulevard*, the name of which I have forgotten. I say 'we children,' but, alas, there were but two of us, for three were left in Horton churchyard, and it was their loss which broke our mother's heart. She died in London, and two years later was replaced by the sweetest of step-mothers, whose love for me was such that at a sorrowful period of my life she wrote to me, 'Dear child and friend.' I well remember the dismay with which I heard of another member being added to our family, for in

three years I had known the loss of my paternal grandfather, three sisters, my mother, and a dear governess; and I felt it might be one more to lose! Miss Howis died after a twelfth-night party given for us. We were already in bed, and she went to the drawing-room to wish my father 'good-night;' the candle tottered in her hand, and she fell dead. We never saw her again—not even were we allowed to look on the face of

"The dead
Ere the first day of darkness had fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of gloom and of distress."

"The next morning the maids kept perpetually drawing down blinds as fast as I pulled them up, and my godmother came and spent a long day with us lonely children, and told us what had happened!

"When my mother died, it was unknown to us until we went through the usual *formula* in our prayers, which I daresay still holds good in families of children:—'God bless my dear father and mother and brother and sister, and make us good children.' Then the maid said, 'You mustn't pray for your poor mother any more, Miss Rose, for she is gone to heaven.'

"When I was fifteen, we went to live at Caversham Grove, ten minutes walk from Caversham Park, and the two families became very intimate. At the Christmas Reading County Ball, two years later—that being my 'first ball'—I danced my first quadrille with my husband that was to be; and on May 23rd, 1846, when I was eighteen, for his sake the kindly Merthyr folk and

all the working people of the district gave us a brilliant reception. Among the sorrows of widowhood came the regret that my life would no longer be spent among them ; for, though on many lines my thoughts and ways were not theirs, still they did not hate me, and I loved them."

There is a melancholy refrain in the closing sentences which will touch the hearts of many an old friend and co-worker intellectually in the Merthyr district. But let us take up the thread, and note the prominent characteristics exhibited in the after years. For some time Mrs. Crawshay took little part outside of her home life. Yet it was soon apparent to those with whom she came in contact that, mentally, her standard was a high one, and far above the average of ordinary women. She craved something more than the mental supplies which satisfy the majority, the railway series, the three volume novel, where incidents are like the ringing of changes and the *denouement* is "happy ever afterwards." This, by the way, is not stated in an unkind or sarcastic spirit, for, seeing the miseries which so often crowd upon the girl-wife and the mother, it is no wonder that they seek in fiction what is rarely found in fact.

Mrs. Crawshay was solicited to become a member of the first school board at Merthyr, and it may be cited, without any disrespect to the successive boards formed up to this day, that it was the most important of any. Mr. G. T. Clark, himself a host, was there ; the Rev. F. Sonley Johnstone, afterwards for many years editor of the *South Wales Daily News* ; the Rev. John Griffith,

rector of Merthyr; Father Miller; Mr. C. H. James, subsequently M.P. for Merthyr; such were a few of Mrs. Crawshay's colleagues on the board, and the great task they had to grapple with was successfully managed.

In 1872 "Euthanasia" had appeared from the pen of S. D. Williams, jun., with a preface from Mrs. Crawshay. During Mrs. Crawshay's absence in town an anonymous letter was published in the *Western Mail* giving garbled extracts from the pamphlet, and condemning the action of a member of the board for circulating it. Upon her return she took an early opportunity of bringing the subject before the board, and avowing the part she had taken. There was no concealment. The work was "Euthanasia." She was the member who lent it, and her eloquent advocacy at the time was long remembered. Its drift, she said, "is to consider whether much useless suffering might not be spared if it were made legal for doctors, in cases of hopeless and agonizing illness, at the earnest desire of the patient, to put within his reach such anæsthetics as would assuage pain, even though at the cost of shortening life. Vindicating herself at the board, she as vigorously assailed her anonymous opponent in the *Western Mail*. One or two extracts will be of interest. She could not endorse all the remarks in "Euthanasia." "I could wish some of them absent, but the grains of gold are abundant enough to render the ore worth sifting, and the author, as the first to break the ground, I believe, at the present time, deserves the heartfelt thanks of those who, like myself, have had their feel-

ings harrowed by the sight of lingering, agonizing, hopeless disease, lasting through days and nights, weeks and months, of such misery as cannot be conceived unless seen."

Again, "With regard to the religious aspect of the question, believing, as I do, in a perfectly just God—I see no make-weight for the happy immunity enjoyed by the lower animals in ignorance of their fatal doom, except the power man has, when life becomes intolerable through anguish and hunger or disease, to lay it down. And I can conceive life's weary pilgrim turning for rest to the 'Everlasting arms' with as little misgiving as the tired child when it throws itself to sleep on its mother's breast."

Able as was her vindication, and accepted by the best intellects around her, it may naturally be understood that the popular opinion was against her. She was so high above the level that, beyond a small circle, it might be stated that there was little sympathy between her and women critics especially, for what interest does woman, as a rule man's helpmate, and in the old Welsh homes regarded in the light of primitive Scriptural days—Miriam, Leah—take in the evolution theory: in the advance during countless ages from the *monad* to man, in the possible inference from the relation of physical forces to the analogy with the spiritual; in the revelations which year after year grow upon us from the starry world, suggesting other histories and dynasties, and higher advanced culture to our own in the luminous globes which fill vast space even into the

limitless profound. Briefly, none. To her all subjects of high mental speculation had a charm, though, like the line of the horizon "lurking from afar, even as we follow," and realisation flies.

Cremation again she advocated, and this, too, was not in accord with public sentiment, though no one can deny that we are fast trending to it. She could not again understand why, in the light of strong Christian faith possessed by the Welsh people, there should be so much sorrow exhibited at funerals. The saddened face, the black cloth, the sombre weeds, the darkened rooms. "Draw up the blinds," she said, "and let sunshine into your rooms. Such an exchange from a life of trouble to the light of immortality should be a subject of rejoicing more than of sorrow."

Her great aims in these and other directions were to brush away narrow conceits and primitive prejudices and improve her generation. She started reading-rooms all over the district and supplied them with popular, as well as advanced, literature. It was possible for a thoughtful collier or ironworker to know of Darwin, of Herbert Spencer, of Justice Grove, and other great minds, and others, too, not confined simply to those of our own country. But here, again, she was with us a generation or two too soon. We have lived to see great progress even in the "Ironopolis," and still the mass of the people are satisfied to band together against the introduction of a free library both at Merthyr and Aberdare, and a large section clings yet to old habits. It was no wonder that with such advanced

mental aims Mrs. Crawshay mixed amongst the most honoured literary coteries in London, and Cyfarthfa Castle, when she was at home, was the favoured scene of visits by men of rank in the guild of learning. Mr. Justice Grove, famous amongst profound thinkers for his great work on the *Correlation of the Physical Forces*, may be named as one; poets, sculptors, painters, essayists of our own and of distant lands. To ourselves it will always be a subject of regret that when Emerson visited Cyfarthfa Castle an invitation to meet him came to us when too far away to return in time. Mrs. Crawshay had too strong a liking for literary and scientific pursuits to pass by the humblest in position, and one of her principal friends—a good botanist and astronomer, and one of the best descriptive speakers we ever met, was nothing more than a grocer in a small way—Thomas Norbury about whom some day she will tell the world.

Her Merthyr life was abruptly marked by the death of her husband, Mr. Robert Crawshay, who had succeeded his father, Mr. William Crawshay, in the proud position of the Iron King, and from the date of her widowhood the link with the district was almost severed. On one occasion Cyfarthfa, for a brief time, renewed its old glories, when one of the learned societies visited Cardiff, and became her guests, and then the gloom fell heavier after the event, by contrast, and now the old residence stands out coldly, the white image of death, for the soul has fled!

Now and then Mrs. Crawshay is heard of by a stray note in some literary journal, either dated from a mid-

summer resort in Gwent, or from the South of France or Italy, and an occasional notice is in the form of a periodical offer of prizes to women essayists for the best essay on Byron, Shelley or other poets. And it would not be just to forget that, in times of stress, of suffering amongst the poor, whom she once knew, in times of personal suffering, or of great inclemency of weather, she never fails to express her sympathy in the best practical way. Far better at such a time than the pathos of a tender voice, or the eloquent expression of regret by letter in the case of misfortune and poverty, is the talisman of help which brightens the sorrows of a humble home.

I

MRS. CRAWSHAY OF CYFARTHFA.

From "The Queen" Newspaper, March 5th, 1892, with large first page portrait.

MRS. ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY (*née* Yeates), whose name is indissolubly linked with nearly every movement for the benefit of women, is at Mentone, where her cheery room overlooks the vast purple bay of that pleasant watering-place. Her window commands the richly wooded point of Cap Martin, over which the white breakers toss like fountains of snow when the mistral blows, and the broad gardens of the Hôtel, full of oranges and lemons, palm trees, and roses—a strange contrast this winter to the fell fogs of London town. Mrs. Crawshay, after a life of extreme activity, has well earned her rest, and her winters are now spent on the Riviera for the sake of her health. In the "season" she is again seen in the thick of what we oddly call society—which stands, in her opinion, for noise, fatigue, shuffling of elbows, and drowning

of voices with vacuous utterance—but not for long at a time, since the first letter of Crawshay stands for Common-sense.

Mrs. Crawshay is probably best known by her lady-help project—an effort to enable women of birth in impoverished circumstances to gain a livelihood. The word “lady-help” is her own. Such unfortunate ladies at one time flooded England. Not sufficiently educated to become governesses, and not clever enough to push their way without capital in any business requiring skill or experience, crowds of ladies, reduced by the loss of father or husband, were still eager to maintain themselves honestly, and plucky enough not to shrink before even menial duties, if by such means they might help their sicklier sisters, mothers, or children. It was Mrs. Crawshay who first recognised the necessity of doing something for this large and somewhat uninteresting, but greatly-to-be-pitied, class of women. She observed with terror the enormous preponderance of women over men in this country, the growing disinclination to allow women to compete with men in commerce, and the few choked avenues of industry possible to respectable women; and knowing how many (and how naturally) women occupy their

hands in their own homes in domestic work without any loss of self-respect, Mrs. Crawshay formed a plan for placing competent women as lady-helps in the houses of persons kindly enough not to render the position unbearable. She opened an office in London in which ladies could be engaged as upper and under helps in cooking, house work, and nursing, and described her views very temperately in her book, "Domestic Service for Gentlemen," much on the same lines as those which gained Mr. Ruskin so much *kudos* when he set the Oxford undergraduates to road-making. No one is degraded by the labour of his hands; and the hands help the head.

Considerable discussion in the chief London journal; much cheap derision and foolish opposition followed the lady-help movement, as it follows all good work on novel lines. The precedent of Pepys and his sister was quoted; the country rang with the lady-help cry. There was not a paper in the United Kingdom that had not something to say about Mrs. Crawshay, her book, and her scheme. Its success may be described in her own words, showing that it possessed a solid business basis: "The first two years my office was open it cost me £200 per annum; the next two years it

cost £100 per annum ; the two years after, £50 per annum ; and at the end of eight years it was on the brink of paying its expenses, when I gave it up. Not wishing to compete with those who gain their livings by registry offices, and finding it quite able to run alone, I made it over to the lady who had been my superintendent for the whole eight years—Mrs. Houston Smith—who ‘placed’ hundreds of poor ladies at good wages in permanent situations, very few proving failures. She still carries on the business at 62, Regent Street, joining to it a regular registry for governesses and ordinary servants.” The movement, however, sustained a severe shock by the withdrawal of its “headpiece,” and, the world having awakened to the vital necessity of providing new avenues for the employment of women, there was gradually less need on the part of ladies to enter that particular position. Thus, if the office for lady-helps has latterly diminished in usefulness and popularity, that is perhaps the most satisfactory result of Mrs. Crawshay’s long and patient efforts. There are evidently no longer the same crowds of impecunious and untrained gentlewomen, and Mrs. Crawshay has been the means of carrying women’s work and women’s ambition to higher departments

than domestic service, by educating the public and by convincing men of the determination and capacity of women to gain their living honestly. At the same time, Mrs. Houston Smith states that the public have now so much better a conception of Mrs. Crawshay's once Quixotic scheme, that she can place comfortably any number of gentlewomen competent to undertake domestic service, but happily few are now compelled by the misery of their position to undertake it.

Mrs. Crawshay's public work was superadded to the onerous responsibilities of an important county position. She married in 1846, when she was barely eighteen, the well-known iron master, Mr. Robert Crawshay, of Cyfarthfa, Merthyr Tidvil. Many a girl at that childish age, and in the full stream of social life, would have had few ideas beyond her beautiful home and her personal pleasures. Rose Mary Crawshay was only eighteen when she formed a soup kitchen with the relics of what servants commonly waste in large establishments. Three times a week all the most needy of Cefn and adjoining villages were allowed to attend by ticket—about thirty each day—and for thirty-three years, until, on Mr. Crawshay's death, she gave up Cyfarthfa Castle to her eldest

son, this excellent charity continued. Other admirable schemes she set on foot. She started a cutting-out class for the girls, to teach them to make their own clothes, by means of *Times* newspapers, using the lines of type to show the right way of the threads. Mrs. Crawshay was astonished when she found her class attended by a number of small dressmakers, and on enquiring "Why?" she was told, "Because you teach us more in two lessons than we learn in a quarter from the dressmakers in the trade, who try to keep us back."

She instituted free readings, with songs and recitations, long before the now popular Penny Readings were thought of, in a great room to which she had laid on gas from Merthyr at a cost of £50.

She opened seven free libraries within a radius of two miles of Cyfarthfa Castle, eight years before the Birmingham Free Library created so much attention. These were always open on Sundays as well as week days, and books were allowed to be taken home. A librarian attached to each, fires, lamps, with draughts and such like games, rendered the annual cost no small matter, added to which the minor graces were not forgotten; cut

flowers were constantly provided, which the poor people were delighted to take home at night.

Beyond all these and similar local interests, among which must not be forgotten the constant training of young Welsh girls for domestic service at Cyfarthfa, Mrs. Crawshay's active mind was ever in advance of her surroundings. There is hardly any subject of national importance bearing on the interests of women, the Suffrage, the population question, sanitation, marriage reform, the School Board, &c., which Mrs. Crawshay was not one of the first to study and to discuss. Nor must it be forgotten how, at the commencement of the School Board system, Mrs. Crawshay was the first woman elected. She served simultaneously on two boards, being president of one board for eight years, and member of another for three.

Again, her endowment of the Poetic Memorial Fund for the encouragement of a fuller study of the beauties of our native poets, and her handsome annual prizes for the best Essay on Byron, Shelley, and Keats, are in themselves a sufficient answer to any doubt whether she favours the higher education of her own sex.

Mrs. Crawshay's unremitting labours have at last somewhat injured her once robust health and

indomitable spirit. But she is still the ready friend of all who are trying to do good. Her bent is now chiefly scientific, and her purse is open to all who desire to help her in her endless projects to ameliorate the position of the poor, and to draw them out of the slough of superstition and unprofitable toil. In a position of great wealth and influence, often so trying to human character, and subversive of instincts of self-sacrifice, Mrs. Crawshay has spent her strength and energy continually for the comfort and happiness of others, and, if later workers have come into the field and reaped an equal, or a greater, reward, it is because Mrs. Crawshay's courage and initiative first showed them the way.

Our portrait is taken from a photograph by Van der Weyde, 182, Regent Street, W.

INTERVIEW.

MRS. ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY.

BY MRS. HAWEIS.

MRS. ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY, of Lady-help celebrity, and one of the most enlightened pioneers of woman's emancipation, is staying at a handsome Hotel —— at Mentone, where most of her winters are now spent. A life of extraordinary activity, both in public and private, has somewhat injured her once magnificent store of health, and the quiet and beauty of the Riviera draw her now away from the madding crowd, except for a short time during the London season.

The benevolent scheme to find permanent employment for that large—fifteen years ago far larger—class of women vaguely called reduced gentlewomen, brought Mrs. Crawshay's name into enormous prominence. When her book, *Domestic Service for Gentlewomen*, came out, and her office for the supply of lady-helps opened in Lower Seymour Street, there was probably not a single newspaper in the United Kingdom that had not some leader or paragraph or other comments upon the extraordinary project. There was not a drawing-room, club, or office, where the possibility and propriety of women of birth, who could do nothing else for a liveli-

hood, performing domestic services for a fixed salary, was not discussed. And the thing "worked." Mrs. Crawshay had had thirty years' experience in her beautiful Welsh home, Cyfarthfa Castle, of the servant difficulty. She had found that even ordinary housework, and certainly cookery and nursing, were better done and not worse done on a basis of education and refinement. And as she began to place numerous gentlewomen (100 during the first few months) successfully in houses of standing, and they did their work well, and stayed long, without any loss of self-respect, the first shout of derision of the lady-helps died into applause and admiration.

At that time there were far fewer openings for women than now, whilst their preponderance in numbers over the men in the United Kingdom was very alarming. There was a strong prejudice against every new outlet in commerce. Yet what was to become of the hale, active daughters of unsuccessful professional men—girls who had lost their bread-winners by death, desertion or what not—who had got to live, but who were not educated enough to be governesses (and indeed there is not an endless demand for governesses) nor competent to run businesses alone? Why should they not do for a salary what most of them do at home when they could not afford servants? What many American ladies do by choice rather than be ill-served by coarse and ignorant immigrants? Why not, indeed? They turned to, and did it. Many lady-helps are still happily and wholesomely occupied; many a mother is well-served

and comfortable through Mrs. Crawshay's Agency. Although it began as a charity, it had a sound business basis.

"The first two years my office was opened," said Mrs. Crawshay, "it cost me £200 a year. The second two years it cost me £100 a year. The next two years only £50 a year; and in the eighth year it was on the brink of paying its expenses when I gave it up, not wishing to enter into unfair competition with those who gained their living by keeping registry offices. I felt sure that it could run alone, and I gave it over to Mrs. Houston Smith, who had been my superintendent for the whole eight years. Though the office apparently received a check by my withdrawal, it still exists, and is carried on by the same lady at 62, Regent Street, combined with a registry for governesses and for the ordinary class of servant."

If the lady-help office is no longer as popular and useful as it was some years ago, this is perhaps the greatest result of Mrs. Crawshay's effort in the cause of her fellow women. There are no doubt but a few gentlewomen now whose misery forces them into domestic service. There are more openings for energy and skill amongst the "majority," and public opinion has altered very much for the better owing to the extraordinary success of women's undertakings. All this is largely owing to Mrs. Crawshay's enterprise and initiative, and the publicity into which her charities brought the melancholy condition of half-educated ladies. Schooling itself is on a better footing, and all women are more industrious

and more independent, and competing successfully with men in a thousand lines of life. But Mrs. Crawshay taught the public the first practical lesson which we should take to heart, *viz.*, that any independence is preferable to starving on charity, and that no honest honourable work can degrade the doer.

Whilst giving up so much of her time to the public good, Mrs. Crawshay neglected no private duty, and as she presided during her husband's life-time over an immense establishment, Cyfarthfa Castle, attached to the celebrated Steel Works near Merthyr, her domestic occupations would have sufficed to occupy the energies of any ordinary woman. She early organised her household with the utmost skill and method from kitchen to garret. Her numerous servants had all their duties planned and made plain to them by written lists. She began to train, in addition, the rough Welsh girls belonging to the poorer classes on the estate, and we all know what such a course involves. She instituted a soup kitchen for the very poor of the surrounding country, with that which is usually wasted by servants in great houses. Three times a week thirty accredited poor persons presented themselves, and Mrs. Crawshay began to rejoice in the hearty looks of those in the parish whom she so helped without pauperising. It is remarkable in some degree that so young a girl (Mrs. Crawshay became mistress of Cyfarthfa Castle at only eighteen), extremely handsome, greatly admired, *bercée* in every luxury and offered every temptation that could turn her head and incline her to forget everything but

her own pleasure—should so readily have seen the responsibilities belonging to a great position, and have continued so steadily to try and share with others her health, her enjoyments and her time and strength.

Added to the usual domestic *regime*, Mrs. Crawshay's time was straitened by the deafness of her husband. Mr. Robert T. Crawshay, ironmaster, lost his hearing whilst still a young man, and for nineteen years his wife had to impart every kind of information and explanation by writing. Nevertheless she dispensed a large hospitality, as was natural in her place. She brought up, educated, and married a family. But the vast staff of workmen and their wives were not forgotten. Excursions for them, entertainments for them, prizes, education, refinements for them were all organised by Mrs. Crawshay.

The women largely occupied her heart, though the men were not forgotten. She established a cutting-out class to teach girls how to make their own garments, presiding over it herself, and using the sheets of the *Times* newspaper, the type of which indicated the way which the threads should take. Even dressmakers began to attend this class, and when Mrs. Crawshay enquired the reason she was told, "because we learn more from you in two lessons than we learn in the trade in a whole quarter. The big dressmakers try to keep us back."

Then she began to hold meetings at which she spoke and lectured, to support the Suffrage for women, and to

teach the women what were their rights, their wrongs, and the redress possible, for themselves and their children. This was as early as 1867. It is extraordinary that the supineness and want of enterprise among the mass of Englishwomen has left them still content to be of no account, still unrepresented "cattle"—twenty-five years after.

She opened seven free libraries within a radius of two miles round Cyfarthfa Castle, eight years before the Birmingham Free Library created so much attention. They were open Sunday and week-days, books were allowed to be taken away, and fresh flowers, weekly supplied from the Castle, were also given to the poor members, who were delighted to carry them away.

Readings, recitations, music, lectures on all subjects, from politics and the Suffrage to Astronomy and Puss in Boots, with dissolving views and magic lantern slides, were provided in the great Merthyr Drill Hall, with gas, fires, lamps, games, and the necessary attendants, all at Mrs. Crawshay's expense. The magic lantern "plant" alone cost £90. Mr. Crawshay allowed four of his own private band to attend.

Long before the Cremation Society of England was started, Mrs. Crawshay was taking the chair at Merthyr Debating Society on cremation. She was one of the first members of the Society established by Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Spencer Wells, Rev. H. R. Haweis and a few others, and on the council from beginning, at a cost of several hundred pounds. She has been in the

forefront in all scientific and national movements, especially when they affected the position of her own sex, and this with exemplary modesty, whilst never failing in the courage of her opinions when need arose, and never checked in what she believed to be right by cavil or criticism. Even when Mr. Crawshay, himself, shrank before the inconveniences entailed by her training of lady-helps, and complained to her, "My dear, I hear that Cyfarthfa Castle is being called the Refuge for the Destitute."

"Nor could Cyfarthfa have a grander title," exclaimed this excellent woman, and she pursued her noble work in unshaken confidence and patience.

At the commencement of the School Board system, Mrs. Crawshay was the first woman elected, and with extraordinary energy she served on two Boards *simultaneously*, being Chairman of one (Vaynor) for eight years, and member of the other (Merthyr) for three.

This, and the fact that for many years she had been perpetually encouraging a study of literature amongst women by giving annual prizes for the best essay by a woman on Byron, Shelley, Keats, &c., ought to dispose of the stupid allegation, sometimes brought up against her in return for her efforts for lady-helps, that she wanted to keep women subordinate by making them become domestic servants.

These prizes, and the annual competition for them, scarcely receive adequate public attention, although competitors increase year by year. The "*Byron, Shelley*"

Keats, In Memoriam yearly prizes" were instituted in 1882, and in 1888, the centenary of Lord Byron's birth, Mrs. Crawshay made them a Trust in the hands of William M. Rossetti, and Charles Hancock, of 125, Queen's Gate, in the hope of their remaining a perpetual act of homage to the three great English poets; and endowed the Trust to the amount of £2,500.

Mrs. Crawshay employs a paid examiner to select for her twice the number of essays that she has prizes to give; and the final decision rests with herself. In 1891 about 150 essayists competed, but in the course of seven years only twice have the recipients of prizes been in the slightest degree known to Mrs. Crawshay. There is therefore no fear that favouritism will carry the day.

In 1892, in addition to the usual essay prizes, Mrs. Crawshay (or her executors) will give three prizes of £20, £10, and £5, for the best original oil paintings of incidents in the lives of Byron, Shelley, or Keats, or of places they have inhabited—to be painted of course by women, and women of any nation. I could wish that so excellent an example were followed by dozens of women as rich as Mrs. Crawshay, who have women's interests at heart, but who seldom hit upon a means of encouragement and culture so good and so wise.

That Mrs. Crawshay's career has been a very noteworthy one, no one can doubt, especially if we remember how much more difficult thirty years ago, were movements such as many which Mrs. Crawshay headed or

supported very warmly in their budding stage. Her untiring energy, her insatiable desire for knowledge, truth and freedom, her far-seeing generosity, and kindness, are a model for all womanhood, and the unanswerable excuse for biographies of such women, and published interviews with them in which they speak for themselves, is, that the knowledge of what other people have done and can do is an incentive to the languid and the ignorant, and may arouse the most thoughtless to a sense of how they too may help their country and their kind.

From the "Woman's Herald," March 19th, 1892.

. PREFACE TO FIRST THOUSAND.

IN 1888, the centenary of Lord Byron's birth, Mrs. Crawshay endowed her prizes to the amount of £2,500. On the 19th of April, being the sixty-fourth anniversary of the poet's death, the trust deed was signed by William Michael Rossetti, Esq., 5, Endesleigh Gardens, President of the Shelley Society; Charles Hancock, Esq., 125, Queen's Gate; Arthur Spokes, Esq., 5, Pump Court, Barrister-at-Law; and by herself; in the hope that this trust may remain an ever-recurring act of homage to the genius of Byron, of Shelley, and of Keats. On this subject in a letter (1889), Mr. Robert Browning thus kindly expressed himself:—

“I have long been aware of your love for the poets and your munificence towards the women who study so as to intelligently honour them. Well done, says very heartily, dear Mrs. Crawshay, yours, Robert Browning.”

I am kindly permitted to quote a few words written to me in 1890 by Mr. Frederic Harrison:—

“The girls' essays are excellent . . . shew surprising thought. You must be gratified to feel that your effort has met with success.”

In 1890 prizes were taken by Dutch, German, and New Zealand ladies.

THE PRIZES FOR 1894 WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:—

Shelley's “MONT BLANC.”—1st Prize £10; 2nd Prize £5.

Shelley's “LETTER TO MARIA GISBORNE.”—1st Prize £10; 2nd Prize £5.

Byron's "THE PROPHECY OF DANTE."—1st Prize £5; 2nd Prize £2 10s.

Byron's "THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE."—1st Prize £5; 2nd Prize £2 10s.

Byron's "HINTS FROM HORACE."—1st Prize £5; 2nd Prize £2 10s.

Byron's "THE DEVIL'S DRIVE."—1st Prize £5; 2nd Prize £2 10s.

Keats' "SONNETS" (20).—One Prize £5.

Mrs. Crawshay employs a paid examiner to select for her twice the number of essays for which she has prizes to give; so that the final decision rests with herself, and only thrice has it happened, during eight years, that the recipients of prizes were even in the slightest degree known to her. The rejected essays are not usually seen by Mrs. Crawshay, which must be her excuse to friends and acquaintances, who may have been surprised at the return of their writings without a word of regret at their non-success. These essays are mostly returned to the authors corrected, with the excellent result that after several trials writers have succeeded in winning prizes.

Six ladies took Mrs. Crawshay's prizes for paintings.

Essays to be sent in before June 1st, 1895, to Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshay, Cathedine, Bwlch, Breconshire.

Prizes awarded in August, 1895.

Essays not to exceed 10 pages of 21 lines in length. Only one side of the paper to be written on.

A narrow margin to be left. Pages to be numbered.

The writer's name and address, *in full*, to be written on the back of the last page, also Christian name.

Pages to be fastened together with a metal clip on the left-hand corner at the top.

Competitors may send in essays on all the subjects, but cannot be awarded more than one *first* prize.

Essays will be returned to those competitors only who enclose a stamped and addressed cover.

The subject of each essay to be named *outside* the wrapper in which it is posted singly.

Essays may be typed if desired.

Winners of prizes are disqualified from taking prizes in after years.

"Domestic Service for Gentlewomen," by R. M. Crawshay, two plates, 1s.

"Euthanasia," by S. D. Williams. With preface and thesis by R. M. Crawshay, 1s.

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

Father of Light ! great God of Heaven !
Hear'st thou the accents of despair ?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven ?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer ?

Father of Light, on Thee I call !
Thou see'st my soul is dark within ;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown ;
Oh point to me the path of truth !
Thy dread omnipotence I own ;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone ?
Thy temple is the face of day ;
Earth, ocean, heaven, Thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form ;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm ?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies
 Yet doom his brother to expire,
 Whose soul a different hope supplies,
 Or doctrines less severe inspire ?
 Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,
 Prepare a fancied bliss or woe ?
 Shall reptiles grovelling on the ground,
 Their great Creator's purpose know ?
 Shall those who live for self alone,
 Whose years float on in daily crime—
 Shall they by faith for guilt atone,
 And live beyond the bounds of time ?
 Father ! no prophet's laws I seek,—
 Thy laws in Nature's works appear—
 I own myself corrupt and weak,
 Yet will I pray, for Thou wilt hear !
 Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
 Through trackless realms of æther's space ;
 Who calm'st the elemental war,
 Whose hand from pole to pole I trace.
 Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
 Who, when Thou wilt, canst take me hence,
 Ah ! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
 Extend to me Thy wide defence.
 To Thee, my God, to Thee I call !
 Whatever weal or woe betide,
 By Thy command I rise or fall,
 In Thy protection I confide.
 If, when this dust to dust's restored,
 My soul shall float on airy wing,
 How shall Thy glorious name adored
 Inspire her feeble voice to sing !
 But, if this fleeting spirit share
 With clay the grave's eternal bed,
 While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,
 Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.
 To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
 Grateful for all Thy mercies past,
 And hope, my God, to Thee again
 This erring life may fly at last.

No apology is needed for reprinting a poem which, though now as much behind the hour of scepticism in England as it was when written in advance of the hour of orthodoxy, must still have its charm for fashionable "Theosophists" in a day when the late Poet Laureate has written :—

" Many a planet by many a sun may roll ;
With the dust of a vanished race."*

Up to my eighteenth year I revelled in poetry. Then came marriage, with life's work-day hours ; but in age I have returned to my "First Love", and find in poetry the best solace for what time has taken away. It is as the luxuriant "aftermath" or as "clouds of glory trailing"; showing in the sunset hour, "Isles of the Blest" floating in their golden seas.

I am writing in a poetically arranged house, freehold, dating from the time of Charles II. Mathilde Blind's apple trees "all gnarled and hoary"† guard the short drive, which descends from the road almost at such an angle as Lewis Morris in his "Epic of Hades" has chosen for the descent of the stone of Sisyphus. A picturesque church is on one side of the garden, in the tower of which centuries ago a hermit lived.

Although I never saw a ghost in the churchyard I have seen one hundred and twenty in my garden, when the moon rising above the church tower threw her pale and brilliant light in July on the "Madonna" lilies, many of them five feet high, with trusses of sixteen blooms, looking indeed like ghosts who had strayed over the low wall.

My parish has its sad name "Cathedine", signifying "the vale of the sorrowful man," a deaf and dumb prince‡ having in the early times before the Norman

* "*Demeter*" and other poems, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

† "The Ascent of Man," by Mathilde Blind.

‡ It is a strange coincidence that the owner of this little property, my late Husband, should have been for the last

Conquest owned this lovely tract of land, with the famed Langorse Lake, the Llyn Savaden of the Romans, where a latter-day fisherman (the late charming and genial Mr. Kirkman, barrister-at-law) used to fish with the old Roman bait—chicken soaked in vervaine.

Here are plenty of wild fowl, rushes and reeds—it is two miles long and half a mile wide. Several county families have boat-houses, not “house-boats”, Heaven be thanked! on its shore. I have a boat-house holding a boat for four and one for fourteen persons. In this last I well remember was a valued friend (Mr. W. Jones, then our head-man of business at Cyfarthfa, now retired and a J.P.), when, on a tempestuous day, and after we had shipped an unusually big sea, I heard him say to himself, “Thank goodness my life’s insured!”

It was a charming trait, this thought of wife and children!

There is a small island; and one unusually dry summer remains of the ancient “piles” connecting it with the shore could be clearly seen under the water, showing it to have been a “lake-dwelling.” An account of this was sent to some learned society by Mr. Stevenson, then residing at Treholford, a beautiful house higher up the hill-side than mine, and belonging to Mr. Gwynne Holford of Buckland—the “Marquess Carrabbas” of

nineteen years of his life stone-deaf, necessitating even the most trivial thoughts being put in writing for him. In connexion with him occurred a curious incident as to bees. The tower swarmed with them for twenty years. In the year he died, when I took up my abode here, to my astonishment the bees were gone, and on enquiry I was told they left in May, that having been the month of my Husband’s decease. They have returned since, and I am often asked why I do not possess myself of the fabulous stores of honey said to be there; the answer is, because I should have to unroof the tower, and it would be analogous to burning my house to roast the pig as in Charles Lamb’s famous story.

these parts—an ideal landlord, and as kind and generous as he is otherwise richly endowed.

In the near distance among trees appear the picturesque chimneys of Treberfydd, an Elizabethan house with lovely gardens, but no land beyond its farms, belonging to Mr. Raikes, and where for the last twenty years dwelt one who might have been “the lady” of Shelley’s garden, where flourished “the sensitive plant”. Her sweet presence has happily not been taken from us by death, but she has gone to make other flowers bloom in another garden. “Ah! woe is me!”

Many of my artistic friends well remember Mrs. Darby’s wonderful “teas”, which were a Sunday institution. These artists all did their best to enliven her solitude by music, for she possessed an organ, a piano, and a harp; there came “Orion” Horne with his “daughter”, as he fondly termed his guitar, and many a time he stood on the huge case in which he packed it for travelling, garbed as a Swiss mountaineer, and though long past his “meridian” made us laugh by the cleverness of his “jodelling”. He was an expert in swimming, and would dive under a boat with his feet tied together and his hands tied behind him in the lake; whence he would return in time for breakfast, his soft hat garlanded with water lilies “in all their glory”, while a sheaf of them was in his arms, their long ropey stems trailing on the ground, and making of him with his silvery locks a veritable water-god. I never read “Orion”, a poem of about two hundred pages I believe, for it was out of print ere I knew Mr. Horne, but he told me his reason for selling it at one farthing was because he “wanted to be read”, and he could not go about the world asking people to accept his work.

My sleeping room is “a gem”, the windows having different aspects, the centre one over the fireplace, plate-glass, seven feet by four, through which trees and flowers look in, and whence many a “Peggy” in many a Welsh “low-backed car” may be seen on a

Thursday driving to Crickhowell Market. The cottage has but one storey, except where a tower rises twice its height, a tower containing two rooms, built by my kind Husband, on hearing my regret that the cottage did not afford a view of the charming lake. Having invested in one of the very largest of Japanese umbrellas, under which I proposed my smoking friends should sit outside this tower, it was rather a disappointment that it was rarely used, I cannot say whether because of the many stairs to mount, or because the winds were seldom sufficiently calm to be a guarantee that the parachute might not carry off tower-top, battlements, smokers, and all.

But though many did not sit outside the tower it has at various times been tenanted by several. Mr. Boughton, R.A., made from one of its four windows a charming water colour of the lake in stormy weather, which he most kindly presented to me, handsomely framed, and with my name and his on the groundwork.

Professor W. K. Clifford, Mrs. Clifford* and their children made a home here for two months.

It was when some hired horses came from Hereford with a postillion in scarlet, that the Professor (who had before seen only my private postillion from Cyfarthfa with a jacket of some very dark shade) turned to me and said "*Why* have you boiled your lobster, Mrs. Crawshay?" This was said with that sweet wistful look his friends know so well, as if waiting the solution of some great mathematical problem. His "*Elements of Dynamic*" was written in this tower, and when presenting me with a copy he kindly wrote in it:—*To Rose Mary Crawshay this dry fruit of her kind shelter at Cathedine from her affectionate friend the Author.*

The Right Hon. Sir William Grove, F.R.S., Privy Councillor, ex-President of the Royal Society, and author of "*The Correlation of the Physical Forces*";

* Mrs. Clifford is well-known as the author of "*Mrs. Keith's Crime*," and of "*Aunt Anne*."

Dr. John Gray, F.R.S., of the British Museum; Prof. Mozley, F.R.S.; Sir James Alexander, F.R.S.; Prof. Westlake, Q.C., and Mrs. Westlake, of School Board fame; Miss Grace Damien; Miss Colenso; Mr. Gallenga, the world-renowned *Times* correspondent; his wife, eloquent in seven languages; Judge Walhouse, F.R.A.S., translator of *Sappho*; Nora Gerstenberg, now Mrs. Philipps; Lady Belcher; Maria, Lady Vincent; Mr. W. Stebbing; Mrs. Eliza Howe; and Rev. Dr. Robbins, have all in turn watched the splendid "after-glow" across the lake, said by the late dear Mrs. Gwynne Holford to be as fine as any she had ever seen out of Egypt.

No list, however incomplete, of those who have used this tower, can be without the names Devas and Norbury—both dear friends of mine, although unknown to fame—the latter was the master of a small oilshop in Merthyr, and both have gone, alas! where perhaps there are no oilshops—who knows?

If readers should show themselves tolerant of my "gossip" and I live a year longer, perhaps these friends of mine may become theirs also.

Among those who have visited the tower were the Misses Eastlake of art fame; Mr. Hancock, and Mrs. Hancock of the "Eilitto Skirt"; Mr. Thorndike; Mr. and Mrs. F. Tagart, art-patrons, as their *loggia* with Story's sculpture shows, and who entertained in princely fashion many of the *savants* at the Bristol meeting of the British Association in 1875, where I first made their acquaintance as one of their happy guests.

During this meeting I went to stay from Saturday until Monday with Sir William and Lady Grove, who had then a beautiful residence near Gloucester. After I had left Old Sneed Park, Mr. Tagart's lovely place, to pay this visit, Mrs. Tagart happened on Sir James Alexander measuring with a foot rule an immense box-ottoman which occupied one side of a corridor near my bedroom: on Mrs. Tagart enquiring what he was doing,

he said: "I'm only just takin' th' dimensions of Mrs. Crawshay's box that she brought with her to the meeting of the British Association," and as Sir James boasted of the "accurate" journal he always kept, who knows but that these "dimensions" are duly chronicled therein?

Mr. Charles James, a learned Welshman, said to me, "Thank you for showing me your bears," instead of "lions."*

I have only one neighbour within four miles, where resides Sir Joseph Bailey, Bart., and Lord Lieutenant for the County.

Eight miles distant, at Tregunter near Talgarth, lives Major Francis Roche, M.A. (of "honours" fame at Oxford), with his charming wife; and in years gone by Viscountess Harberton, of "the divided skirt," occupied this house.

AN EXPIATION.

I find that some of the art-public are kind enough to interest themselves in asking why, among all English poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, I should have selected the glorious trio, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, for my more special homage? It is an expiation, and came about in this wise: when there was talk of a statue to Byron, I regret to say I was among the contributors, and when I saw it I felt that some expiation was due to my loved poet. What should it be? another (hideous) statue? No! perish the thought; rather let his own sweet song for ever hymn his praise, and as all taste is not Byronic, might it not be wise to associate with his name that of a still deeper thinker, Shelley? and having bracketed these two great poets together, what more natural than that the modest Keats, studied by both,

* See *Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides*, where Boswell relates, having introduced Henry Erskine to Johnson, he on leaving slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, saying, "I thank you for showing me your bear."

and who said his "name was writ on water," should join them? (Sometimes quoted as writ *in* water", but) rightly or wrongly, I must keep the word *on*, as it is the "peg" whereon hangs Shelley's beautiful "fragment" to Keats; wherein, after describing the water turned to ice, he writes:—

"Time's printless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
Of Adonäis."

The last thought of Shelley, ere a watery doom submerged him, was of Keats, already reposing in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, whose noble poem "Endymion," was hastily thrust into Shelley's pocket as the near "Silences and Immensities" rose to his view. The remains of the two lie not many yards apart; both died in Italy, and Byron in Greece—grateful Greece, which has never forgotten his devotion to her. One cannot but regret, since England denies him even a tablet with the one word "Byron," in Poets' Corner, that his remains do not at any rate repose on classic soil "far from the busy haunts of men" whose proximity he deprecated; and yet, alas! such is the irony of fate, that the once straggling village, Hucknall-Torkard, where he lies, with its then strange resemblance to his death-place, Missolonghi, should have developed into a busy mercantile spot with scarce a blade of grass or a tree to grace the tomb of "Nature's Worshipper."

His grave inside the church is in exquisite taste, a white mosaic ground with the one word "Byron" in green mosaic, and surrounded by a wreath of bay leaves. His friends did not forget that he had written, "My epitaph shall be my name alone."

Still, since Englishmen permit Westminster Abbey to remain unhonoured by his name, it had been well if his address to his "Bark" had been remembered too, when he wrote,

“Nor care what land
Thou bear'st me to
So not again to mine!”

And even in death this thought might have been respected, and Greece have kept her hero, from whom she was so loath to part.

In a letter to Murray, dated Bologna, 1819, Byron says, “*I trust they won't think of pickling and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbus Hall. I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my death bed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil. I would not even feed your worms, if I could help it.*”

And yet this is exactly what has been done!

However, on this subject I was recently honoured by a few lines from Mr. Sam. Timmins, the noted collector of “Byroniana,” who called my attention to stanzas ix. and x., canto 4, of “Childe Harold,” showing that at any rate Byron, like the rest of us, had changeful moods.

Byron is perhaps as much read abroad as in England. “His Excellency” (our short for His Excellency General the Baron von Stein), who has been in fourteen engagements, and is the holder of twenty-three decorations, when I asked him if he knew Byron at all, replied,

“Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart.”

And when I alluded to the “Apostrophe to the Ocean,” in “Childe Harold,” beginning,

“Roll on, Thou deep and dark blue Ocean roll!”

his seventy-year old eyes sparkled with delight as he said he knew it well.

I am often surprised at the familiarity of foreigners with our classics, while we, alas! know so few of theirs.

Schiller's "Wallenstein" I have read only in English, as I told "His Excellency," when he discussed the method of this play in its analogies with those of Shakespeare, and proceeded to tell me how often on the battlefield some of Shakespeare's glorious utterances in his plays of the *Henry*s came to comfort and encourage him.

"Didn't I just feel quite small?" as our American cousins would say.

ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY.

BYRON-SHELLEY-KEATS.

IN MEMORIAM

ENDOWED

ANNUAL PRIZES.

First Prize £10.

ESSAY ON

BYRON'S "FARE THEE WELL,"
"A SKETCH," AND "LINES ON HEARING
LADY BYRON WAS ILL."

SINCE the day that Lady Byron voluntarily withdrew from the shelter of her husband's roof and refused to return, the poet's domestic affairs have been the business of the world. And small blame to it. It was no case of vulgar curiosity prying around the windows of a great man's privacy. The poet himself, with his fine scorn of a less wide audience, took it into his confidence. In the *Domestic Pieces* he gave his version of the disagreement between himself and his wife, and cried to the public "Judge thou between us," and the notorious busybody, nothing loth, has continued ever since to weigh evidence and consider its verdict. We say "weigh evidence," but there was none, or little, forthcoming beyond the poet's

own statements. The offended wife, with more dignity than her offending husband, refused to recognize the interference of a third party or to open her lips before the illegal tribunal, and her silence was taken by some as a proof of unspeakable guilt on her husband's part, by others as the speechless lie with which a cruel, treacherous lady did her lord's reputation to death. During his lifetime Lady Byron could neither be goaded, nor persuaded, into making a definite charge, and except for the foulest slander ever uttered by one woman against another,—at sound of which the whole civilized world closed its outraged ears—no attempt at an authoritative explanation of her case has been made since. Justice forbids us, at the mouth of one witness, to condemn or acquit any man or woman—more especially when that witness is likewise the prisoner-at-the-bar—but at the same time, from the poet's well-known habit of painting himself many tints darker than his native hue, we may rest assured that when we have read all he wrote on the subject of this classic quarrel, we know the *worst* that can be said on his side.

It may well be believed that so stately a "pattern of all the virtues" as Lady Byron, saw much to shock her, during her short nuptial experience, in the conduct of her lawful and lawless spouse. In the light of the open record of Byron's life, no one denies that she received deep provocation for the step she took—a modern jury has held a wife justified in leaving her husband for far less—but she must have been in some

measure prepared for the eccentricities of this strangely undisciplined nature. She knew her husband's antecedents, and if she did not know that he had run through the whole gamut of dissipation, and drained life's cup almost to its dregs, before he married her, she was ignorant of what all the world could have told her. Like all men impatient of control, he was singularly amenable to kindness, and might be led where he could never be driven. A fitter mate, one of those whom Holmes calls "heart-women," would, as he says of his own dear sister, have "loved and pitied" the erring poet the more "because he was erring," would have made faster the links that bind man to his safest haven, not snapped the harbour ties of home, and abandoned so "noble a piece of work" to the mercy of wind and wave to "beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wrecked." It is right for woman to hold up a high standard, but surely she may stoop by the way to raise up a fallen fellow-creature. Salvation, not vengeance, is her mission. There is no virtue in Virtue if her march is over ruined lives, if she lives on the blood of the slain. But to do Lady Byron justice, whatever the original cause of her displeasure, she had graver reasons than such as the world usually assigns for her final action. "Whispering tongues can poison truth," and the jealous wife stooping, as many a better woman has done before her, to lend an ear to slander and calumny, when she refused to return to her husband, believed in her heart that he was guilty of "offences she could only condone on the supposition of his insanity."

If, as Byron declares, he did not know the cause of his wife's desertion, he knew at least the source from which the calumnies, which had poisoned her mind against him, emanated, and in the unenviably famous *Sketch* he gibbets his calumniator upon the tree of scorn, a spectacle for future generations to mock at. In coarse and scathing lines—coarse and scathing even for so great a master of abuse—he limns the repulsive features of this “Hecate of domestic hells,” the maid, raised presumably for her evil offices to be companion and confidante, who by her slanderous tittle-tattle had made wreck of his happiness, tracing her low origin to its muddy source and laying bare the more miserable secrets of her meaner soul. If Mrs. Clermont, Lady Byron's whilom governess, be among those the poet “spared whom he should not spare” for his wife's sake, it is little mercy was accorded her beyond the withholding of her name. If she ever came to look upon her portrait, how like an ugly phantom it must have haunted her ever after, and how the curse of an injured man must have rung in her ears, sleeping or waking.

It is a relief to turn from this foul caricature of the hated maid to the more generously touched picture of the still-loved mistress, whom the artist endows with every virtue under the sun, except the “one sweet weakness—to forgive.” This is indeed Lady Byron's supreme reproach, almost her crime—it is all her husband charges her with, all the world lays at her door—that she chose rather to stand upon her earthly rights than stoop to exercise her divine prerogative. Whatever

may have been laid to her charge since, this portrait establishes the fact that at the time of the separation Lord Byron's grievance against his wife,—his only grievance—was that she had been deluded by others into thinking him worse than he was, and that parting from him under provocation, she refused to take him into favour again. Neither by written nor spoken word did he at this time bear other testimony than that she was a good and virtuous, though over-righteous wife.

Nor, upon the same evidence of the *Domestic Pieces*, was the husband the deeply-erring man the world has been pleased to suppose. No doubt in this case, as in so many others, to "understand all" would have been "to forgive all," yet some wretched misunderstanding kept husband and wife apart for life. That the misunderstanding was on the part of the wife is matter of history. Lord Byron, by his own showing, had no grievous cause of complaint against his wife, but at the same time, while acknowledging faults of which he asks so reproachfully,

"Could no other arm be found
Than the one that once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound,"

he declares himself innocent of anything to justify a separation. The *Farewell*—which, though not published till a month later, when the poet's sorrow had turned into anger, was written at the time of the separation while his heart was smarting under the recently inflicted blow—is to an unforgiving woman, not to an irreparably injured wife; it is the sorrowfully indignant

appeal of a wifeless husband and a childless father to one who in merciless insistence on "what was due to her" had rendered him both; the hopeless adieu of a homeless exile who kisses the hand that needlessly drives him forth. A poem, of course, cannot be taken as an affidavit, nor, for truthfulness of detail, in any sense as a sun picture, but allowing a wide margin for the egotism of genius, the exaggerations of strong feeling, and the many subtle influences that go to warp a poet's true vision, it is inconceivable that the writer of this most pathetic of love songs that moved a nation to tears, could have been conscious of any unpardonable domestic sin against her to whom it is addressed. When the *Farewell* was penned the writer did not believe it was "for ever." That its value as Love's appeal is lost by being proclaimed at the street corners by the common bellman,* and its pathos in the fact that the first stage of the exile's journey was Geneva, to meet, whether by accident or design, Claire Clermont, Allegra's mother, does not invalidate it as evidence. Though published in spite it was written in good faith, and no future sin could blacken present innocence.

"By sudden wrench believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away,"

he says, and when he put the broad seas between them it was in the hope and belief that he would ere long be

* "It appears that these verses were not intended for the public eye but were published by a friend who had been allowed to take a copy of them." Note by Rose Mary Crawshaw.

recalled. It was not till this hope had begun to fade till his overtures for a reconciliation—made a few months later, at a time, too, when he was living in sin and showing little proof of repentance or amendment—had been repulsed with scorn, that, smarting with rage and disappointment, he took up his pen to satirise and defame the woman for whom, to the end of his days, he continued to entertain feelings at least of respect and admiration. Hearing that Lady Byron was ill, and assuming her illness to be the effect of remorse for her part in his life's tragedy, he wrote the *Lines*—not published, however, till after the author's death—in which he gives us a portrait of a "Moral Clytemnestra" as like that of the "sternly purest of her sex that live" as virtue is to vice. A Pharisaic wife, with the skirts of her clothing caught tightly around her, inciting a murderous mob by casting the first stone at her erring husband—and the last; blind and deaf to all appeals for mercy, driving him forth on the road to ruin, implacable, unforgiving, then waiting, with closed lips, on that "monument whose cement was guilt" to receive the adulation of the slanderous crowd. This is no pleasant picture to look upon; if it were but a broken image of the truth, the cry of savage exultation, "I am too well avenged! but 'twas my right!" was justified. But in judging of its truthfulness to nature we must remember the circumstances under which it was drawn; we must remember, too, the poet's own statement in later years to the effect that whatever he had said or written reflecting upon Lady Byron was attributable entirely

to anger and pique at her cool treatment of him. The guilty silence he here charges her with, and which has been made so much of, was (in the first instance at least) so far as the public was concerned, proper reticence ; and with regard to her husband if, as she naturally supposed, he was conscious of his own wrongdoing, speech was unnecessary. Silence became sin only by remaining unbroken when misconstrued. Unless we are greatly mistaken, it was the communicativeness of the defendant, rather than the enormity of his offence, that set a seal upon the complainant's mouth. It was difficult for any self-respecting woman to offer an explanation of her conduct to one who had taken his cause out of her jurisdiction. Her answer to his public complaint was in effect : "Hast thou appealed unto Cæsar, unto Cæsar shalt thou go," and she never afterwards deigned to open her lips on the subject, but left her husband and his self-chosen judge to settle it between them as they chose.

Apart, however, from the consciously overdrawn details of this portrait, the *Lines* written in anger give in outline precisely the same view of the writer's case as the tenderly reproachful *Farewell* and the unlovely *Sketch*, viz., that though erring, his punishment was unjustly severe. Unless then the moral standard of husband and wife differed so widely that what one called "faults" the other deemed "crimes," it must be conceded that whatever mistaken idea was in Lady Byron's mind, her husband was conscious of nothing that could make a reconciliation impossible,

and that he never gave up the hope. We who have seen the finale of this life-drama know that the hope was vain, that husband and wife were never reconciled. Was it indeed that his *Farewell* warning, "Love may sink by slow decay," had fulfilled itself, and years of estrangement taken away the will as well as the way of reconciliation? Or was it that the curtain fell before the play was played out before the *dénouement* for which a sympathetic audience was waiting? But whatever remained to be enacted on the shadowy stage of What-might-have-been had the poet's life been prolonged, the scene in history to which the hand of Death wrote *finis* was one of loneliness and exile. "Oh the pity of it!" cries a tearful world, trying its best to find an answer to the insoluble problem of "Who was to blame?" which the greatest personality of his day seems to have left as a legacy to all future time. Yet why should we vex ourselves over the rights and wrongs of a domestic strife the victims of which have long since ceased to suffer, and before the Great White Throne received, what no earthly tribunal can give—perfect justice. Life at best is a maze, the right path difficult to find. God forgive them where they sinned, and keep our erring feet from falling.

KATE CASHIN,

Normanville,

Hastings.

Second Prize £5.

ESSAY ON

“*FARE THEE WELL,*” “*A SKETCH,*”

AND

“*LINES ON HEARING LADY BYRON WAS ILL.*”

WE approach with diffidence these poems, touching as they do the most delicate chord in the inner life of the poet.

Before forming any opinion let us consider the character of the man who wrote them.

Inheriting from both parents strong passions, and a wayward and capricious temper, Lord Byron was early left to the care of the most injudicious of mothers, or in other words, this wilful spirit was entrusted to the management of one yet more wilful, possessed of little understanding, and to whom self-control, or the idea of looking beyond self for a motive, was totally unknown.

At first glance our poet seemed to be dowered with every blessing. Look again—each gift is cancelled by untoward circumstances. A peer, but poor, poor with the poverty of the high-born—that degrading struggle to keep up appearances on insufficient means; of brilliant intellect, but lacking sound sense; naturally warm-hearted, generous and tender, but passionate and irritable; endowed with wondrous beauty of face

and form, his pride in this mortified by a deformed foot. Surely such a character would have required careful training.

The uncultured child grew into the wild schoolboy, and was succeeded by the university student whose time was largely spent at hazard, sparring, etc.

His first poems appeared, and were treated with more severity than they deserved; his second were extravagantly praised.

Thus the public seemed to have caught the infection of his mother's treatment—stifling him with caresses one minute, unjustly punishing him the next.

At twenty-four, Lord Byron found himself famous, with a fame inferior only to that of Shakspeare and Milton. Worshipped by the nation, the idol of the highest society, with his young ardent nature, can we wonder that he plunged into all the pleasures and dissipations open to him?

Thus a few years pass. . . . His friends now think it would be wise to chain the roving spirit in the sober groove of matrimony. Byron thinks with them and longs for the safeguard of a good woman's love and sympathy. He proposes to Miss Milbanke; is accepted. They marry, and all goes well; the happy bridegroom writing to Moore declares that "though he still thinks marriage ought to be taken on lease, he would renew his lease for ninety-nine years." One year later Lady Byron, after an affectionate parting with her husband, sets out with her infant daughter to visit her parents. On her arrival her father writes to acquaint Lord Byron

that his wife will return to him no more. Stunned by this blow, coming at a time when he was harassed by pecuniary difficulties, or to use his own strong expression, he was "standing alone on his hearth where all his household gods lay shiver'd around him."

No sooner had Lord Byron received this letter than he found himself the object of public detestation, with the mortifying knowledge that not one of those who were railing at him knew anything of the real state of the case.

Lady Byron left her husband in January, and in April "Fare Thee Well" and "A Sketch" appeared.

The former was looked upon by some as a "showy effusion" impossible to one of deep feeling. To others, it was a true and tender appeal which "no woman with a heart could resist."

When we consider that these verses were not intended for the public eye, but were placed there by a friend who had been allowed to take a copy of them, we are glad to agree with the more charitable view. As the poet sat one night in his study musing over late events, and filled with tender memories, he wrote these stanzas, the tears falling fast on the paper. (The MS. is blotted all over with the marks of tears.)

About "*A Sketch*" there can be only one verdict. It was a pity it was ever written. The object of the attack ought to have been as much beneath the notice of Lord Byron, as her tales ought to have been beneath that of her mistress.

The public had always encouraged Lord Byron to make it his *confidante*, in fact told him the charm of

his poetry lay in the frankness with which he did so, therefore can we blame him very severely if in his moment of despair and humiliation he exceeded a little the line of good taste by doing as he had been invited, nay, pressed to do?

"*Lines on hearing Lady Byron was ill*" were written immediately after the failure of the negotiations for a reconciliation before the poet left Switzerland for Italy, and were not intended for publication. They breathe the most tender, touching reproach:—

"And thou wert sad, yet I was not with thee
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;
Methought that joy and health alone could be
Where I was *not*."

"I would not do by thee as thou hast done."

We do not presume to judge Lady Byron. The professional men whom she consulted advised her not to return, but then they only heard one side of the story. If Lord Byron had been, as was alleged, of unsound mind, the shock of the separation and the execrations of the nation would have completely upset his reason. His most intimate friends found no insanity in him. Eccentric he may have been, but which of us has not a pet peculiarity?

That he loved his wife cannot be doubted by anyone reading these three poems and his letters to Moore. As we have before stated, we do not presume to judge Lady Byron, it would be absurd to attempt to do so, knowing nothing of the reason of the estrangement. The offers of reconciliation always came from his side.

Usually it is the injured one who thus behaves. Surely a man who through his life never lost a friend, for whom a woman loved by him in his exile gave up husband and position, who never failed to attach the regard of those who came in contact with him, *of whose conversation Shelley said, "It is a sort of intoxication, men are held by it as by a spell"—of whose death Sir Walter Scott wrote, "It is as if the sun had gone out"**—surely such a man cannot have been unworthy of forgiveness and forbearance from a loved wife!

MARIA H. RUSSELL,
31, Patrick's Hill,
Carle, Ireland.

* The italics are an interpolation by Rose Mary Crawshay.

Second Prize, £5.

ESSAY ON

“*EPIPSYCHIDION*.”

IT is pleasant to feel that in taking *Epipsychidion* as the subject of an essay, one is not now bound to assume the attitude of championship. The passing years have done their work well—Shelley, “robed in dazzling immortality,” has ascended to that “kingless sphere,” which has always been his of right, and *Epipsychidion*, the most ethereal and intangible of all his poems, has long since taken its place among the brightest constellations in the starry heavens of the world’s poetry. It might be suffered thus to remain, untouched by the curious hand of criticism—“a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever,” for each true lover to interpret to his own heart, but that there is an irresistible fascination in taking such a perfect flower of thought, to linger with loving wonder over each petal, pistil and stamen, noting well every detail of its internal structure and arrangement, and then passing into meditation over the divine Idea which lies behind its magic of words. And in such a process, every soul receptive of its subtle influence, may be allowed to lay a humble thought-tribute before the shrine where burns for ever the sacred fire of love and reverence.

Epipsychidion would be a poem of priceless value, were it only for its autobiographical interest—that it lets us glimpse the poet's soul in a rare moment of inspiration; but its highest claim must ever lie in its abstract, and not in its concrete application. A poet is great in so far as he represents Universal Humanity; personal colour has its charm, but to be immortal a poem must mirror to each soul its own life-story. The accident of circumstance which impelled the poet at that particular moment to break forth into this glorious hymn, and which bestowed a reflected immortality on “the noble and unfortunate” Emilia Viviani, need be here but slightly alluded to. Shelley has himself chronicled the precise amount of his indebtedness to the object of the dedication, and we may well surmise that had Emilia never existed we should still possess this priceless gem of song—some other occasion would inevitably have called it forth, though perchance its form might then have been different.

A recent well-known, if not too reliable, writer on mysticism* has pointed out that knowledge, which fifty years ago was confined to the initiated few, is now open to all who are able to receive it. The mystical theory of the twin-soul or two-in-one has found able supporters and exponents in this our day; but who has clothed it in the dazzling invincible vesture of words woven by our poet? That there should still be found anyone “dull” enough to see in it aught of earthly passion would

* Laurence Oliphant.

be incredible, did we not recognise that till the moment of development arrives when Spirit is seen to be all and in all, it is as impossible for a soul to see beyond the material environments that blind it to Truth as for the caterpillar to cognise its future self in the radiant psyche which alights for a moment beside it on a cabbage leaf.

But Shelley makes his meaning transparent enough to those who are at all enlightened. A few prefatory words on the poem itself,—a loving tribute to the “fair captive bird” to whom it is dedicated, and the poet breaks forth into his Song of Praise.

“Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light and love and immortality!”

These lines have been spoken of as applying to the Sistine Madonna, which may well be true in a way, for Raffaele with his brush, and Shelley with his pen, have both sought to do homage to the Divine Feminine, the “Ewig-Weibliche.” The allusions here—“Sweet Benediction in the Eternal Curse!”—“Veiled glory of this lampless universe!”—are all too plain to be ignored, as anyone at all familiar with the Mystic Philosophy will perceive.

In Shelley's efforts to put into words his conception of Love he was for a long time persistently misunderstood, which was simply due to the utter inability of his commentators to see aught save reference to the external relation of the sexes, which was far enough away from Shelley's thoughts—especially in this poem.

And thus it is impossible to get in any way at the true meaning of the poem unless this be duly understood at the outset. In *Emily* he allows himself to believe for the moment that he sees that essential portion of his own nature—that Higher Self—which, though externally separated from, is for ever spiritually united to the soul within him. “Ah me! I am thine—I am a part of thee!”

The theory, which finds a place in Plato's *Symposium*, somewhat disguised in burlesque by being put into the mouth of Aristophanes, has been thrown into very concise form by a modern student of mysticism.* “It is only on the phenomenal plane that the two elements are divided. The entity which came forth from God to be born into this world in flesh, is in itself a bi-une thing in the image and likeness of God. At some moment between its coming forth and its birth into matter it is rent asunder and becomes two halves, one of which is born as a male child, the other as a female. In this sundering, all recollection of its true nature and duality is lost, but there remains the ceaseless yearning of the one after the other, which is none the less strong when it is utterly unable to explain itself, or what the impulse to union really involves.”†

And here it may well be remarked that throughout *Epipsychidion*, Shelley shows unconsciously his adherence

* Rev. G. W. Allen.

† A deeper and far more esoteric interpretation of the theory is to be found in the *Illuminations* of Dr. Anna Kingsford, entitled “Clothed with the Sun,” and edited by Mr. Edward Maitland, B.A.

to that profound philosophy—or theosophy as we should now call it—which recognises Spirit as the only Substance, Matter being non-real, or only a *condition* of Spirit. A few quotations will make this clear.

“A mortal shape endued
With love and life and light and duty,
An image of some bright eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream . . . a tender
Reflection of the eternal moon of love.”

“In many mortal forms I rashly sought,
The shadow of that idol of my thought.”

“To whatsoe’er of dull mortality
Is mine remain a vestal sister still,
To the intense, the deep, the imperishable—
Not mine, but me—henceforth be thou united.”

The visible creation he holds but as a shadow of the real—

“The earth and ocean seem
To sleep in one another’s arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality.”

To Shelley, the Truth some find so difficult to grasp is an ever-present reality, “The Good is all—there is no reality in Evil.” He finds that Good grows by what it feeds upon—that by division it increases constantly and each part is greater than the whole. To him this is the Eternal Law. Shelley is again at one with the modern mystic on another point. Compare the lines beginning “I never was attached to that great sect” with the statement in “Marriage from a Mystic’s point of view:”—“No man and no woman is harmed by receiving the love and regard of any number of persons of the opposite sex, etc.”

The first two hundred lines of the poem are more or less disconnected—as though the thought, too great for utterance, came forth in gushes of alternate joy and sadness. But now, in mystical language, Shelley seeks to portray the progress of his inner life—and in doing so, tells the story of all high and aspiring souls.

It has been the intensely interesting task of Shelley's biographers to trace out in this sketch the various personal allusions which have so greatly added to the enjoyment of the poem by all who know and love Shelley as a man as well as a poet—if the two can, in this case, ever be separated!

The poet breaks swiftly, but without abruptness, into the awakening of his early youth to the mystery of Life, which came with unutterable intensity to this advanced soul. His experience differs from that of the ordinary being, inasmuch as it is a *spiritual* awakening. This marks a high point in soul-development. It is a common experience for the sensuous nature first to unfold, and the spiritual awakening to come later as the fruit of experience. Here is the line of demarcation between the mystic and the non-mystic, mysticism being here taken as that stage in the soul's development when it becomes conscious of its own nature and its potentialities. "The mystic knows what he is doing and why he does it—and others do not. His object is experience, theirs is gratification."

How the youth awakens "in the clear golden prime" to a sense of that interior self, that "soul out of my soul," as he rightly calls it, which, separated from him

externally, he yet feels permeating every fibre of his spiritual being—"robed in such exceeding glory, that I beheld her not," yet ever present to his inner senses. Like the first Adam, he could not rest in his blessedness, but sought to realize it in some external fashion, and in the seeking, lost the consciousness of its possession.

"O thou of hearts the weakest,
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest."
Then I—"Where?" The world's echo answered "Where?"

Nay, he must now seek in all realms of his being for this interior self—this woman soul out of his soul. He seeks it first in the region of the senses—where it may never be found. This early experience is recorded in a few pregnant words.

"The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,
Her touch was as electric poison."

He passes from the snare—but not scatheless; the soul indeed is untouched by taint, but the physical being suffers, and he mourns over a young brow prematurely whitened by the snows of age.

From his moral nature he tries yet once more to gain the lost blessedness. With yearning gaze he seeks, whether among friends young, beautiful, and wise, he may find concealed this soul out of his soul. With a touch of infinite wistfulness he alludes to his first ill-fated union, and if we are to accept the latest version of the pitiful story we may gaze reverently into the depths of a heart cruelly wounded, and recoiling on itself—for Harriett was to him as a beloved pupil who most disastrously misunderstood the spirit of his teaching.

Deliverance comes in an intense intellectual passion, absorbing as it seemed for the moment his entire being, and well is described here the calm, illuminating influence of Mary, and the part she played during the third decade of Shelley's life. In the thirteen lines which follow, what tempests of the soul are revealed! We believe we have the key to this episode, but what detail of biographer can equal the few words here, with all they conceal, yet suggest :—

“ The white Moon smiling all the while.”

To the rest of the poem we must give ourselves up, charmed and swayed as by a master enchanter—although we know it must be read in the light of unfulfilled prophecy. For on this earth we know that Shelley never touched the goal of his inmost desires. But for the moment he seems to hold all within his grasp, and we are immeasurably grateful that before disillusion came, the lines were penned which will surely remain for ever the perfect presentment of a mystic marriage—spiritual man united to his interior self, woman—Intellect mated with Intuition, Soul with Spirit.

The description of the

“ Isle 'twixt heaven, air, earth and sea ”

is a divine idyll. It is Paradise restored—Nature at one with herself—the spiritual creation, no longer disguised and distorted by the veil we call matter, but

“ An atom of the Eternal, whose own smile
Unfolds itself and may be felt, not seen.”

That it is a Paradise perfected by experience is glanced at in the remains of human art in the palace of the ocean-king. The whole air of the place breathes of love, and of conscious ecstasy in its own blessedness—and as there grows upon the poet the realization of unutterable bliss, he mounts and mounts on wings of fire, like his own skylark; till thought will no longer bear the strain of words, which tremble, fail, and expire. But the thought remains to us “burning, yet ever inconsumable”—

“Like flame which points to heaven, and cannot pass away.”

The few gentle, yet impassioned words which read as epilogue, contain within themselves the lesson to be learned in all Life’s varied experience—

“Love’s very pain is sweet;
But its reward is in the world divine,
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.”

And binding in one chain of sisterly affection the names of those who represent to him the perfection of Womanhood,—the last word of the poet is, as the first, still a hymn of praise to “das Ewig-Weibliche.”

ALICE M. CALLOW.

“Port-e-chee,”

Tring, Herts.

The following is a list of the ladies who have taken prizes : —

1886.

Atkinson	Quilter
Muir	Edwards
Hopkirk	Portal
Beal	Evans
Lorry	Hopkirk
Melly	

1887.

Daniels	Brown
Cundall	Montizambert
Pryne	Reinsberg
Kniper	Mitchell
Stewart	Phillips
Wilson	Melly
Robinson	

1888.

Butterworth	Penstone
Higginson	Martin
Balfour	Page
Hall	Toplis
Oldam	Beattie
May	Hodgson
James	

1889.

Compton	Sheffield
Cochrane	Gilbert
Prothero	Pritchard
Sheffield	Gair
Wilson	Turner
Little	Tilbey
Frazer	Sergeant

1890

Sharp	Storton
Slater	Gibson
Cunliffe	Elliott, B.A. (Ireland)
Debenham	Rathbone
Hebblewaith	Johnson
Samuel	Cuttall
Robertson	Drawsfield
Porter	

1891.

Pridham	Bennet
Dawson	Symes
Walker	Fisher
Walker	Barlow
Von Bunsen	McLaughlin
Ramage	Case
Woolley	Leigh
Woolley	

1892

Jones	Dowrie
Callow	Underdown
Mitchell	Oakley
Lake	Walbrand-Evans
Weir	Cashin
Russell	Rich
Hutton	Ogier-Ward
Knox	Sharpley
Boulton	Galbraith
Seymour	Banks, M.A.

1893

Towler	Gilchrist
Mercer	D'Argent
Münster	Shen
Logan	Weir, H.A.
Melville	Prettyman
Kimpster	Sholl



Cyfarthfa Castle, Merthyr Tydfil.

THE SEAT OF W. T. CRAWSHAY ESQ^r

PREFACE TO THE SIXTH THOUSAND.

THE quick sale of the pamphlet *Domestic Service for Gentlewomen* necessitates a reprint ; to which is added a paper on the same subject, read at a meeting of the British Association, and other matter for the guidance of those who favour the adoption of the system of "lady-helps." It has been thought desirable to add to the sixth thousand a view of Cyfarthfa Castle, for the benefit of the incredulous, who may fancy that the scene of the following record was more probably a "*château en Espagne*" than one in Wales. The fact that applications from strangers for my "photo" and autograph are more than I can conveniently respond to, will explain the autotypes.

Two reasons conspired to induce me to utilise an old photograph—want of time to sit for another ; and the desire to supply to my readers something less "old and ugly" than would result from a more recent likeness.

It is pleasant to find an opinion which I published in the March number of *Cassell's Magazine*, and which is re-printed on page fourteen of the following *brochure*, elaborated

in the *Saturday Review* of August 5th, in an article which has gratified me much ; especially the following passage :—

“ There can be no question that many of our social difficulties would be almost entirely mastered, if young ladies would consent to become lady-helps in their own homes.”

The corollary to this is, that families rich only in daughters will spare of their superabundant “ helps,” to serve as upper servants in the houses of more wealthy people ; and in those of the childless. Thus may the system of “ lady-helps ” be established.

The assertion made by the *Saturday Reviewer* that the measure can only be a temporary success, proves nothing against it ; for of all impertinences, that of pretending to legislate for posterity seems the greatest ; excepting it be that of refusing to adopt some arrangement which would suit the day of our need—because it will not suit posterity. Is it not an assumption, that with this generation, the possession of brain-power in human creatures is to die out ?

As an endorsement of the idea so well set forth in the *Saturday Review*, I may, perhaps, be excused for naming a recent experience of my own.

Circumstances occasioned me to pay a visit to the sister of a professional man, who since her brother's death has become poor ; and who is now located in a tiny cottage, commanding,

however, a most charming view ; with a garden, which, although useful, is embellished by glorious showers of red, in the shape of fuchsia *trees*, and by an arbour, of most primitive construction ; yet often serving the purpose of reading-room, and work-room.

Those who know the little use, sometimes made of large gardens, by their wealthy possessors, can but wonder, at how much pleasure, even a small place, gives to those of very limited means. Here does the widowed sister of my hostess often take a walk ere six a.m., gathering the fruit before the birds—collecting the handful of raspberries, which are ripe enough to add to her vinegar, in this fashion gradually acquiring the name and flavour of the fruit ! After an excellent breakfast, served on the whitest of linen, in the little room, hung with muslin curtains only, I found my chief attraction in the drawing-room, where lovely foliage of many hues met the eye ; while the odour of clove carnations entered through the windows, and mingled in a most harmonious manner with the sounds of Mendelssohn's "*Lieder* ;" wanting no words to say—" This is heaven on earth."

The sweet girl who called forth these tones had already made her own and her mother's bed, and dusted their sleeping-room ; and when her "practice" was over she made the most delicate pastry, which, unlike that of the professed cook, never disagreed with any one !

The dinner was always a success, each of the few dishes being done to perfection. And why ? Because each dish had been a kind of "labour of love," and, cooked by that one of the party of five, to whom all awarded the palm for doing it best. One little servant did all the rough work of the entire household, for she was never required to do any of the finer work ; and I—ashamed not also to be a "help"—shelled peas or beans while chatting with my hostess.

Besides all this work they made their own ginger-beer ; alternating it with "sherbet."—Classical name which set me thinking of the "Osmanli !"—But it proved to be only a clever apportionment of acid, alkali, and sugar ; which had merely to be shaken, in powder, from the glass bottle, and on water being added, formed a delicious effervescent drink.

I was pleased to have seen the working of this excellent *ménage* ; for it was "confirmation strong," that my theory of domestic duties being compatible with the refinement of a lady is not a mistake. The harp standing by the piano, and the paintings on the walls, all of home production, among which I recognised the *Falls of Terni*, testified to this.

I have just heard of a lady who engaged another to be her maid and *courriere*. In these days when the *courrier* travels in the same train with his party there is no anomaly in this. The young lady gave great satisfaction to her

employer, and they spent last winter abroad most happily.

To meet the great demand for "lady-helps" as cooks, having all rough work done for them, I shall be happy to furnish ladies with the means of taking instruction in cookery, the cost to be repaid out of their salaries, which are sure to be good.

In conclusion, I will ask my readers to pardon anything which they may find amiss in the ensuing statement, and to look rather to the matter of it than to the manner.

ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST THOUSAND.

It is very little to have given a happy home to five ladies, as detailed in the following pages ; but it would be something if five hundred were thus provided for. Already in one other house the plan is being tried. The family consists of a lady and gentleman, keeping two lady-helps and having a strong person in for a few hours daily to do the roughest work. The mistress may probably, as in my own case, have no need to perform any act of manual labour more than once ; and it scarcely matters what little manual duty she undertakes, provided that it be done with sufficient openness. The object is a great one ; it is to make the descent to manual work easy for our poorer sisters, and thus to transplant them to healthy, happy homes, instead of leaving them to pine in semi-starvation. There are nine hundred thousand more women than men in Great Britain, for whom marriage is consequently impossible. The laws of England shut women out from paying work. Shall we not try to find it for a few of the more delicately nurtured ?

It is in the power of the wives of England to do this, by giving the places of upper servants to gentlewomen; and they will themselves have more comfort than with ordinary servants of the present day; for few can assert that they have of late, where many women servants are kept, had no change in a twelvemonth, which has been our case.

No apology is made for puerility of detail in the following pages, as it is hoped that their aim may be considered a sufficient excuse.

ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY.

Cyfarthfa Castle,

Merthyr Tydvil,

November 18th, 1874.

DOMESTIC SERVICE

FOR

GENTLEWOMEN,

BRING

The Account of a Successful Experiment,

READ AT THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, 1874.

EVERY lady who is supposed to have either money or time at her disposal, in ever so limited proportion, finds herself continually solicited to do something for the less fortunate of her own sex, more especially for the class known as "distressed gentlewomen."

Bazaars, charity balls, localities where needlework is sold—all ask her patronage in turn; but no one seems to have thought what an untrodden and richly yielding field might be opened to this truly to be pitied class, if ladies keeping large establishments of servants would reserve the upper places for them.

Those who used to take governesses' situations can no longer obtain them, owing to certificates of proficiency in teaching being

required, which they, unfortunately, cannot furnish.

The proposition that they should undertake domestic service will probably appear very shocking to some at first, but it will not appear so long to the more sensible.

Many friends who have heard of my successful experiment have said, "Could we not try your plan with one lady as an upper servant?" My reply has been—"This would only be the old useful companion, for, of course, where but one lady was in the establishment, she would have to look to her employer for companionship. Where several are together they form a little society of their own; and, while happy to associate on equal terms with their employer, at such times as may suit her, they are by no means dependent on her for society."

The positions taken by ladies here are the following:—cook, lady's-maid, kitchen-maid, dairymaid, and upper housemaid. They have the same rooms which used to be occupied by these domestics, after thorough cleansing, whitewashing, and painting.

They use the same linen, have yellow soap, and wait on themselves far more than ordinary upper servants do. They are quite ready to "wash their own tea-things," and to "set their own table," the suggestion of which actions to ordinary upper servants would by them be deemed an insult. One very sweet

young lady told me that many of her acquaintance were greatly opposed to her intention ; but she kindly read a letter after she had been a short time here, to the following effect :—" We are quite pleased to hear that it is with Mrs. Crawshay that you are going to live, for in her hands we feel that you are quite safe, as she would ask nothing of you which it would not be fitting that you should do." And here is the secret :—those who may be induced to give ladies a trial must be guided in what they require of them by what they themselves, if in health, and with leisure, could do.

When the idea was first named to the kind-hearted matron of the *Women's Employment Society*, it seemed fairly to take her breath away. When I said,—“ I shall always, if at leisure, varnish my own shoes, and assist in making my bed,” she seemed to think there was some hope, for she replied,—“ If you will do this, so as to show that you do not yourself see anything ignoble in work, perhaps it may succeed ; but, tell me, will these ladies be treated as if of the family ? ” I said, “ To treat five strangers as if of the family would be quite impossible ; for if they all dined with us there would be no such thing as privacy ; but they will be treated with every consideration, and will have a room appropriated to their use, in which they will sit, and take meals ; and I shall be very glad of the

company of one or two at a time." I may add that it is my constant habit, when driving out, to send a message that I am going out at such an hour in open or close carriage (as the case may be), and have room for so many ladies. I always find that they are ready in a few minutes, and of course they enjoy the little break in their regular work, to which, on their return, they apply themselves with redoubled ardour.

I keep, besides the five lady-helps, six ordinary servants indoors, viz., two men servants, my daughter's maid, two strong under-housemaids, and a strong, willing, Welsh scullerymaid, who comes daily, as a charwoman might come in England.

When there happens to be extra work, it is my habit to put on paper, early in the morning, what is to be done, leaving it to the ladies how they will arrange it. For instance, half-a-dozen visitors may be coming, with only a few hours' notice. I name the rooms that they will require, and adding perhaps something more than might be the ordinary work of the day; I beg the ladies to select that which they prefer undertaking, and to give orders about the rest to the two under-housemaids.

In the course of half-an-hour two of the ladies will have gone to make beds and to put spare rooms in order; another will wash the white stairs, and afterwards sweep all the oil-

cloth, followed by a strong housemaid on her knees rubbing the said oilcloth with wash-leather. On occasions of sudden emergency, I have found them work with the greatest industry until all was finished; and it has been a true pleasure to thank them for doing all without any trouble to me beyond saying that which was required.

They had the offer of coming to the drawing-room of an evening, one or two at a time, when we had visitors, but made the unanswerable objection—"If we mix in society, we must spend far more on dress than we can afford." Doubtless this will be an insuperable objection until such time as a gentlewoman can be comfortable in society although her dress may have a flounce less than her neighbour's: although her *chignon* may be of less astounding proportions; and although her heels may be an inch nearer the floor than those of the mere occupants of the drawing-room.

But for this we must wait until "strikes," and all the unpleasant processes the country is now passing through, shall have brought about more healthy and less artificial customs.

An allusion was made to sweeping oilcloth. The first time that this was required I rightly guessed that the young lady whom I begged to sweep it was not proficient in sweeping, so I assumed a knowledge, though I had it not; and, each taking a broom, we worked together, with many a laugh at our mutual awkward-

ness ; but we were by no means discouraged at the result, and the young lady has gone on improving by practice, while I fear that I have stood still, as I have never required to repeat the process of teaching.

If one of my kind, useful friends left, I should, on replacing her by a stranger, adopt the same plan.

It is not the amount of work done by the mistress that is of benefit ; nor does it much matter how well or how ill she may do it ; the point is, to put work on its proper *basis*, and to lead others to reflect that there is nothing ignoble in work *per se*.

With regard to varnishing boots—I varnished mine once or twice, but after that my ‘lady-help’ was always beforehand. My reason for pursuing this particular branch of industry was, because I felt that my “helps” must clean their own shoes ; for we all know that a revolt on the footman’s part would have been inevitable if required to blacken boots and shoes for five persons besides the family ; and as the helps had all in their own homes, probably had their shoes cleaned for them, this might have proved a serious stumbling-block. I was glad at this juncture to find how easy the blackening of her own boots, by a lady, has been made through the invention of patent varnishes, laid on with a little sponge attached to the cork of the bottle by a long and strong wire ; so that no one need soil so much as

even one finger in the process—a far cleaner one than *decalcomanie*.

There is nothing particularly virtuous in a lady 'blacking shoes;' far from it, she might in most cases be better employed looking after her household, or children; and in some cases even in blackening paper; but as a protest against the idea that work is in itself degrading, such an employment might occasionally have its use.

Philanthropists are, I believe, agreed in seeking to raise the *status* of the human race, rather than in seeking to depress it; and exception has been taken to these plans, as lowering the position of ladies rather than raising that of servants; but it is not for us to ordain where demand for female labour shall show itself; we can but deal with circumstances as we find them.

At the present time we have a scarcity of servants; we have householders, consequently, much inconvenienced, while, alas! we have a cruel abundance of starving ladies. What can be more natural than to make one evil cure the other? If the ladies who accept domestic service are thereby to lose their refinement, their accomplishments, their knowledge of current literature, and all that which makes them superior to the servants, it would, indeed, be a questionable benefit; but this would be the fault of the '*padrona*.' It is for her to see that they lose none of these charms.

Owing to their superior intelligence, ladies 'get through' work much faster than ordinary servants; and, owing to the delicacy and refinement of ladies, they make none of the 'dirt' servants are so famed for producing. There is much less wear and tear of carpets and floorcloths by the feet of young ladies, as compared with those of ordinary house-maids.

There are few, I would fain believe, in the present day, who do not devote some little time to charity; that time cannot be better spent than in a case such as we suppose, by devoting an occasional half-hour to telling some pleasant news to the 'lady-helps,' or some interesting anecdote connected with those whom they know well by name, and whom they serve with a devotion more resembling the old feudal attachment than the lip-service or non-service of the present day.

Many a time, I venture to predict, when a lady, perhaps tired with entertaining her visitors, shall, yet, with some little effort, give a few minutes to those hand-maidens who truly look to their mistress for everything, will she find unexpected amusement and pleasure in the task.

Most of us know the annoyance caused by ordinary ladies'-maids frequently changing the position of the ladies' articles of dress. We can well understand that the change is sometimes made in order to prevent ladies

becoming independent of extraneous help; sometimes, doubtless, the change arises from carelessness on the maid's part; but, not unfrequently from the feeling that she thereby exalts her office.

I have found the lady who attends to me personally very careful to put everything where I can readily find it, thus making me very independent of assistance.

There is an aspect, perhaps overlooked by those who protest against the "degradation" of ladies by taking domestic service; it is this,—they will make admirable wives for high-class tradesmen, bringing to a thorough practical knowledge of all duties connected with a house, the refinement of gentlewomen. The offspring of such marriages will have far more refinement than where the mother is herself wanting in it.

I should like it to be well understood that I am not proposing employment for women who can marry; but we must not forget that the woman who is both useful and ornamental is likely to be sooner married than the one who is only ornamental; hence the foregoing remark.

Supposing objectors think that their objection is unanswered, it is, at any rate, cancelled by a condition which raises a part of humanity in proportion as it depresses the other; always supposing that we have to grant any degree of depression, which I can by no means perceive

as long as sufficient leisure for reading, writing, and music be given.

There are many means whereby it is possible to keep up the social *status* of such ladies as choose to accept domestic service. Among others, sending or taking them to any places of public amusement, always putting them in the highest-priced seats. Concerts are very popular with my handmaidens, who are fair musicians themselves. Here I shall be met by an objection on the score of expense. Where the master of the house objects, I would recommend any housekeeper to defray the cost out of her own "pin-money," this expenditure fairly coming under the heading of, charity of the highest class.

It may be thought that servants would dislike having to treat ladies with respect, but I have not found this; all servants, worth having, have been far more willing to accord to them consideration, than in most families they are disposed to accord it to the governess.

In general, servants cannot bear waiting on the governess. This trouble is at once surmounted by the fact that the ladies are not waited on; they do all for themselves, except cleaning the grates and scouring the floors of their rooms; duties which no head-servants perform.

To show the kindly feeling existing towards the ladies, I may name the following incident. While the whole family was away, and work-

men were in the house, it happened that some expected extra help did not arrive. What was to be done? A large hall required washing, and the family was expected home. The ladies were equal to the emergency; they armed themselves with buckets and flannels, and, locking the hall door, proceeded to try their powers of scrubbing. At this moment an under-housemaid happening to pass, expressed herself as being thoroughly shocked, and fairly drove them away, saying 'how angry Mrs. Crawshay would be,' and that she herself would work later to 'get through it.' I record this, as no less honourable to the housemaid, than as showing the devotion of the ladies; who would willingly have thus stepped beyond the terms of the contract rather than that the family should have been inconvenienced.

People have objected that they feel uncomfortable in being obliged to ask ladies for anything which they desire with more politeness than they would show to ordinary servants. This is but a passing phase of discomfort; for, as a rule, nothing can exceed the politeness with which people treat head-servants in all households. The time is long past when servants would tolerate being "ordered about;" and there is, generally speaking, a feeling on the part of employers of labour, that, while being served, they like to do what they can, to efface the 'hard and fast' lines,

between those who wait and those who are waited upon.

Perhaps this may be due to presentiment that the time is fast passing away when one set of people could say to another,—“You shall do all the waiting, and we will do all the eating.” “You shall do all the work, and we will do all the play.”

ROSE M. CRAWSHAY.

Cyfarthfa Castle,
Merthyr Tydvil,
November 18th, 1874.

DEDICATION OF A BOOKLET
ON
DOMESTIC SERVICE FOR GENTLEWOMEN
TO
THOMAS INMAN, ESQ., M.D. (London)

Physician to the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool ; Lecturer, successively on Botany, Medical Jurisprudence, Materia Medica and Therapeutics, and on the Principles and Practice of Medicine, &c., in the Liverpool School of Medicine ; President of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, &c. ; who died at Clifton, May 3rd, 1876.

THE sad news has just arrived of the death of one who took great interest in *Domestic Service for Gentlewomen*, and who showed it by his kindness and hospitality at the time the second paper on the subject was read.

Failing the great pleasure which I had promised myself in his friendly criticism, it is yet a mournful satisfaction now to record the gratitude of a wife and mother, for dear lives kept beside her ; through his untiring watchful zeal, and consummate skill in carrying out the principles of his teacher, the late Dr. Todd.

Anxious for the advancement of all classes, he presented to each of my seven free libraries for workmen, a copy of many essays from his own pen ; among others, one on "*The Preservation of Health*," on "*Neuralgia*," and on "*The Restoration of Health*;" also a most sensible work entitled "*The Foundation for a New Theory and Practice of Medicine*" (Churchill, London). He has likewise written two large volumes, on "*Ancient Faiths embodied in Ancient Names*," (Trübner) ; which some day Protestant mothers, may think a lesser evil to put into the hands of their daughters ; than to let Rome daily make converts of them, because they are not allowed, to know the meaning of such pages, as one hundred, and one-hundred-and-one ; of the Earl of Southesk's very thoughtful and courageous work, entitled "*Jonas Fisher*," (Trübner) ; the key to which may be found in "*Ancient Faiths embodied in Ancient Names*;" and also in a smaller work of Dr. Inman's, also published by Mr. Trübner, but which I do not name ; because, while the larger book abounds in softening circumstances, due to evidently laborious and scholarly work ; to tender reverence expressed for matters really sacred ; to deep regret perceptible for the cruel necessity, imposed by truth, of overthrowing some of our most cherished dogmas ; these are, in the smaller work, owing to its dimensions, necessarily absent ; and, conse-

quently, any one reading this abridgment, without the context of the larger book, might form a very erroneous and unworthy estimate of a man, whose delicacy of feeling, was only subordinate to his devotion to truth.

To him, who has shared with the writer anxious hours of watching beside sick beds, must now a long "farewell" be said.

That his earnest labour to stem the tide of superstition, both in medicine and in religion, may bear its due harvest, although he may not see it, is the heartfelt wish of his sincere friend and admirer,

ROSE MARY CRAWSHAY.

May, 1876.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON FIRST THOUSAND.

"One of the most interesting of modern contributions to Social Science and Political Economy."—*The Pictorial World*.

"An important pamphlet, . . . a really valuable contribution."—*Westminster Review*.

DOMESTIC SERVICE

FOR

GENTLEWOMEN.

PART II.

Being a Paper read August 26th, 1875, at a Meeting of the

BRITISH ASSOCIATION,

AT

BRISTOL.

COMING before you as I do this day to advocate the adoption of 'lady-helps' as upper servants, it will occasion surprise when I state that after a trial of the system for fifteen months, during which time it worked well, I parted with four of my 'helps,' retaining only one as my own maid, this young lady having previously been my kitchen-maid. Those who take an interest in the subject have a right to know the reason of this; and I propose to give it; at the same time I hope that you will forgive the necessity which obliges me to trouble so distinguished an audience with petty detail.

The matter came about in a very simple manner. My cook wished to leave in order to live in London, in consequence of her only

son, who was head clerk in an India house, having returned to England. I need scarcely say that there are at present, very few women of refinement, who have the knowledge, necessary to enable them, to become cooks in large establishments. My cook wished to leave at the beginning of last winter, and my own health does not allow of my remaining in Wales during the winter ; therefore it seemed only reasonable that a young relative, who would take the management of the house during my absence, should have the description of servants she preferred ; and it will astonish no one that she should prefer ordinary servants ; for I think that it is proverbial, that the young stand on their dignity, more, than those persons do, who known life and its sorrow ; and who have learnt that it is neither occupation, nor length of purse, which ought to determine whether a person be entitled to be treated as a gentlewoman or not.

In my pamphlet on domestic service for gentlewomen I stated that during twelve-months with lady-helps as upper servants, we had not a single change among our women servants. Since my 'helps' left, a period of ten months, we have had seven changes among our nine women servants. This is a sufficient answer to those people who questioned whether ordinary under-servants could work comfortably with ladies as head servants.

There is a feeling that although ladies may nominally do the work of a house, it is doubtless really done by the few under-servants who are kept. In reply to this I can only say that the amount of extraneous aid given, was far less than it was at any other time during the twenty-nine years that I have "kept house;" and that not only did the ladies get through all the work required of them, but that they made an immense quantity of new house linen, also wearing apparel; and though last, not least, cut out and made two carpets for large spare bedrooms, better than most country upholsterers would have made them.

To ladies who tremble to try domestic service, fearing that they may not have strength for such duties as are required; I may say that those who served me are considered by their friends in no degree to have fallen off in looks during their fifteen months of servitude; but quite the contrary—and I can answer for their health being far superior to that of most ladies who are waited on; and whose exercise consists chiefly in an afternoon roll in a nicely-padded double-sprunged carriage.

People have asked, what was the exact social position of my helps? The father of three of them was for thirty years head clerk in the office of a professional man, in whose hands he placed all his earnings. His employer failed, and he found himself, when past middle age, with a wife and nine children,

called upon to begin life afresh. I have read accounts in newspapers of the many prizes this gentleman has taken from time to time as an amateur gardener; and of his daughters being 'enthusiastically encored' in songs which they have sung at public concerts. One of my 'helps' was the wife of a fashionable West-end tradesman, who, had he behaved well, would have been driving his carriage from their house in Westbournia to his place of business. Another was the daughter of a dissenting minister; and one was the daughter of a clergyman.

Among the conditions wherein lady-helps might prove more economical than ordinary servants, is that of a widow or of a spinster living alone; and perhaps at present keeping a companion and an ordinary servant. If the lonely lady had gentlewomen for 'helps,' not only would the expense of her "companion" be done away with, but she would have the variety of two, three, or four companions, as the case might be. This is no slight item in the comfort of such a household, for people condemned to the constant society of one paid companion, know well how tired each party gets of the other; whereas with the possibility of two or three companions in turn, how much more bearable would the sad lonely life become! How greatly would pleasant companionship, occasionally thus brought about, cement the friendship which I hope would always be found possible between a lady and her 'helps.' It

has been said that there can be no friendship without equality, and I have no wish to gain-say this *dictum*; but where is the exceeding inequality in this case? One gentlewoman gives a home and a salary to another, who repays these gifts by services rendered honestly and lovingly.

An accusation against me is, that I have made too great "pets" of my 'helps.' Surely this is a venial offence. When persons of refinement of feeling venture to tread a new and untried path, it is pardonable to smooth that path so far as maybe: consistently with the performance of the duties which are met with on it. When time shall have familiarised us with the idea of "lady-helps," neither householder nor 'help' will have so difficult a part to play as the first had.

It is well for the success of a movement that those who have made the first experiment should give to others the benefit of their experience, even although it should necessitate confession of error. Perhaps I made one in allowing, in fact in insisting that my 'helps' should use the principal entrance. I have found since that they would have been equally happy to use a side entrance; and this point might, I think, fairly be made a matter of special arrangement, according to the feeling of the employer and to that of those employed; and I should recommend everyone to consider well beforehand what will tend to the less

amount of *gêne* on both sides. The difficulties which loom on this, as on any untried path, will melt away as we near them; and when the desirability and the possibility of lady-helps superseding our present hindrances become obvious; their position will come to be as clearly defined as the order of precedence at Court.

The most extraordinary misconception I have met with, is the idea on the part of householders, sadly distressed for want of cooks, that gentlewomen can be induced to become cooks, and to associate with ordinary servants. I have had many applications to this effect, which, I confess, have sometimes made me feel very indignant, the idea being so thoroughly selfish. The householder writes for an excellent cook, and offers a far lower salary than would be accepted by a cook of the ordinary type, and she makes no provision whatsoever for this gentlewoman's comfort!

It is constantly urged as a great privilege of women that they have not to work—"Men work for them." If so, still true are the words of the song—"Men must work and women must weep." The work which men do, is in most cases congenial to their disposition, for they generally select a profession, while women, alas! have but one paying profession open to them, that of marriage; and this does not pay when the woman happens to be kicked to death by her husband. Surely it is not asking

much that such fair-play shall hereafter be meted out to women as will enable them to choose whether they will embrace this profession where they assuredly must 'weep,' or whether they will not. I shall be told, "women marry of their own free will; no one obliges them to marry; they can remain single if they prefer it." Yes, but remaining single has another and a sterner name. Women are not at present sufficiently well educated to be able to maintain themselves; therefore remaining single means in some cases starvation.

No reform ever escaped ridicule in the first instance, and I am prepared for plenty of fun and 'quizzing' on the present occasion; but the remembrance of the heart-broken letters, imploring me to do something for sorrowful, needy, uneducated gentlewomen; which have reached me during the last twelvemonth, makes the fun sound very hollow.

ADDENDUM.

In reply to many enquiries, I think it well to state, that my 'helps' when at work always wore stout canvas aprons, having 'bibs,' and tying at the back of the skirt. None wore caps, excepting one who was of middle age; but each frequently wore a coloured bow in

her hair, or a lace butterfly of her own making, such as was fashionable then. They all appreciated brown holland costumes in summer. Each has continued up to this time to give satisfaction in the situation which she took on leaving Cyfarthfa.

I have elsewhere mentioned that I allowed my lady-helps each £5 *per annum* in lieu of beer, which some may consider an excessive allowance. Would it be considered too much for the butler, supposing that he were allowanced? Are his duties so hard and so tiring as the poor scullery-girl's, on whom devolves frequently the stoning of a large amount of flooring and the scouring of innumerable "pots and pans"?

Because a girl's *physique* is less robust than a man's, is that a reason for limiting her sustenance? *Ergo*, the woman servant who does harder work than the man-servant requires no less beer than he does.

Could I have offered to my ladies a less sum of money than I would offer to ordinary servants?—for although ladies they were poor. My reply to myself was, "No"—hence the £5.

The misconception as to the work which lady-helps could undertake would be amusing, were it not sad to find the utter want of sympathy of many rich ladies with their poor sisters.

Surely many a wealthy lady could look

around her home and imagine the duties which she, if poor but with good health, could herself perform. Here is an unerring guide, for such as are disposed to mitigate the silent suffering; which although lying often almost at our doors, yet can only be guessed, not known, for the reason that it *is* silent.

Above all things, in engaging helps, does it seem needful that ladies should, do unto others as they would that others should do unto them, were their positions reversed; and if householders and helps were both guided by that divine rule of conduct, the benefit would be mutual, and friendships would be formed such as are now impossible, owing to the entire divergence of thought and of interest between the employer and those employed.

Ah, gentlemen!—you who write such hard things of my scheme, and say how impossible it is that ladies should stoop to such degradation as entering domestic service—try to imagine what a hard thing it must be to starve! Know, too, that there is an excess of nearly a million women in Great Britain for whom marriage is consequently impossible, and to thousands of whom any degradation is preferable to that one which no law says shall be poorly paid.

Would that I could touch some of your hearts! For although you think that in your own interests it is well to encourage an abundance of starving women, much as

starving dogs are encouraged in the East—for their services—yet you have hearts; and although you fancy that you see in all efforts to render women independent of men, a limitation of the pleasures of men—yet think, when justice is done to women, how sturdy a race of heroes will arise! Men with strong bodies and strong minds, seeing what is injustice so clearly, that they will no longer decree as you do; that no woman who does not belong soul and body to some man shall live. Some men would rather see women starve than live, unless every bit of bread be put into their mouths by men.

What is the reason of the tremendous opposition made, to allowing women who have the necessary talent and taste, to become doctors? It is disguised under the pretty sentiment that “the work of a doctor is too hard;” that “a woman must not see immodest sights;” that “her native purity (poor starving wretch) may not be infringed by her doing the disgusting work of the dissecting-room,” &c., &c., *ad nauseam*. There is no decree that female nurses may not attend at all hospitals; that if particularly horrible operations are to be performed, the nurses are to be exempted from seeing them; that if any very wearisome labour be involved in attendance on a patient, no woman nurse shall do it. A nurse’s work is often more fatiguing and more unpleasant than a doctor’s,

and it is without the joy that excitement and a sense of responsibility bring to the doctor.

The secret of the opposition is this: a physician's work is, as a rule, well paid; therefore, say men, "Let's keep it for ourselves;" a nurse's work is hard and more poorly paid—"we'll give it to the women."

What have these remarks to do with domestic service for gentlewomen? Only this: honest work must be found for those women who desire it, and domestic service is one road where-on they may find it. There is now a frightful scarcity of good servants, and there are thousands of needy gentlewomen suffering the agony of genteel poverty, which, like the

———"grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

Entirely agreeing with those who advocate lady-nurses, I yet hope that further thought may induce many to see the desirability, both in the interest of employer and employed, of other positions in domestic service being likewise filled by poor gentlewomen.

The *arcana* of the kitchen, at present so carefully guarded from the intrusive eye, could show frightful examples of "scamping."

With the constantly increasing number of contrivances to economise labour, why should not cookery become one of the fine arts, having its votaries among a class who will not only

bring to its use dainty fingers, but also common-sense and conscience?

I am delighted to find a growing fashion among young ladies of the upper class, to make occasionally some pretty dish for the admiration of their father's guests. What a comfort to these young ladies when, instead of the ill-concealed resentment of the ordinary cook, the *empressement* of the lady-help will welcome a fellow-worker to the kitchen!

Speaking of conscience reminds me of a circumstance, the recountal of which may probably amuse.

A bottle of brandy brought from the town for my cook's private use was lost. She asked the messenger who ought to have delivered it, why he had not brought it straight to the kitchen.

"Because Mrs. Crawshay was in the kitchen at the moment, and I didn't think you'd have liked her to know of it."

The reply was doubtless startling—

"I never do anything of which I do not wish Mrs. Crawshay to know—she is quite aware that I take brandy-and-water instead of beer."

Fancy a kitchen where all was straightforward and honest!

In the heat of summer my ladies found immense comfort in *Leoni's gas-stove, which

* Warehouse, Great George Street, Westminster.

did away with the necessity for a fire in the kitchen, unless some very large joint, such as a haunch of venison, had to be roasted. The stove was also most useful for baking rolls for breakfast, not needing the time that a brick oven does for heating.

I would strongly recommend a gas stove in every kitchen, where a lady is intended to work, as doing away with heat, and as being more easily cleaned than the ordinary "range." The economical proclivities of a gentlewoman who has known need, will be our protection from the dreadful amount of waste committed by most ordinary servants, in failing to turn off the gas when not in use.

There seems a strong feeling that the place of housekeeper is well suited to a lady. No one considers her isolation. "It would be such a bore to have her with us at all." Isolation and the "worry of the servants" will, before long, make the lady-housekeeper sigh for a staff of upper servants of her own class, and I do not expect that there will be any dearth of active, kindly young women ready to come forward; in whose vocabulary the words refinement and gratitude both have places.

So much for the manner in which it seems probable that a portion of the public will be brought to see the desirability of adopting lady-helps.

The question of how a supply of efficient

helps will be provided, seems likely to be answered by large families of daughters determining to be their own helps, by devoting two hours each, or perhaps only one hour each, *per diem* to household work; and finding that no one suffers thereby except the poor doctor, whose fees will, from the moment this plan is adopted, gradually dwindle.

The medical profession, of all professions, seems least to fear any abrogation of its income through greater knowledge on the part of the public. How is this? Is it from great philanthropy, or from unwavering faith in the folly and stolidity of the human race?

Among the many objections to ladies taking the places of upper servants, it has been urged that ordinary servants will require to be bribed by being called "lady-helps;" and that mistresses of households are liable to be imposed upon by people who are not ladies representing themselves to be such.

If the mistress of a household does not know a lady when she speaks with one, I do not think that we need greatly deplore the imposition practised on her; and if ordinary servants must now be bribed by being called "lady-helps," surely employers would do better to be served by lady-helps than by people who merely assume their name.

In eight months about a hundred ladies have obtained situations at my office; six have proved failures—three of them from inebriety!

In most cases the householders had not taken the precaution of making enquiries as to suitability, which they would have made before engaging ordinary servants. In one case the "lady-help" found that she did not like the duties which she had undertaken, and immediately left. She then came to my office expecting to be found some more congenial employment; but her name was at once crossed off the books, and she was told that she would never have any further assistance from me.

It is strange how furiously aggrieved many people are, at my scheme for supplementing some of the shortcomings of ordinary servants, by superior intelligence and greater purity of purpose! Are they afraid that I shall abolish ordinary servants more quickly than they will abolish themselves? Or that, whether people like the system of "lady-helps" or not, they will be obliged to employ them? Vain fears both! Domestic servants will continue to find occupation until from sheer demoralisation they cease to be.

People who object to "lady-helps" will no more be obliged to employ them, than women who do not want to vote, will be obliged to vote: when the time comes that women shall be allowed to have a share, if they wish for it, in making the laws which they are bound to obey, and in opposing those, the working of which, is now so unjust and so injurious to women.

I am often asked what are the class who chiefly wish to take positions as "lady-helps"? Relations of gentlemen-farmers, of surgeons, physicians, solicitors, clergymen, colonels in the army, and of admirals in the navy, besides those of literary men. Some of them have been quite destitute.

The observation is sometimes made by householders that they could not bear to employ ladies as servants, because it would hurt their own feelings to see them in such positions. I fully feel the force of this remark, but it seems to me very like the tender-heartedness which would allow a poor burnt moth to linger on in agony; because it is either too much trouble, or too great a sacrifice of feeling, to take away its life.

The analogy does not entirely hold good, for instead of dealing death, we are called upon to administer life—to take the starved and crushed from miserable houses to homes of comparative affluence. Surely this is a work of charity, and under this aspect it may be possible to accustom ourselves even to lady-parlourmaids; although, to me, this seems the most trying of all positions that a lady might be called upon to fill; but I feel bound to add, that I have heard many ladies say, that it is the one which they would prefer!

The question which continues to be more frequently put to me than any other is—"Have you not found great difficulty in getting

ordinary servants to put up with 'lady-helps'?" I have partly answered this on page seventeen; and having now to add that since our "helps" left, in eighteen months, we have had more than that number of fresh servants, and that no one has remained so long as my own attendant (a "lady-help"), viz., two years and a half, I consider the interrogation so completely met that I shall not again revert to it.

Another favourite query is—whether having "lady-helps" as upper servants does not entail many more under ones? This question I have also partly replied to on page twenty-five, and in confirmation of the opinion given there, I may add that we now find it necessary to have extra assistance for scrubbing, which our three ordinary housemaids cannot get through; and also that, with a view to spare their work, a large number of back passages have been covered in the centre; "which was not so before."

It is hoped that no employer will seek a "lady-help" to be a general servant, as the rougher work must in all cases be done by an ordinary servant. For this purpose young girls from the country will be found more likely to answer than London servants.

As it is probable that lady-helps may occupy rooms used before by ordinary servants, employers are requested to have such rooms and

bedding thoroughly cleansed : otherwise no one could be surprised were a lady to leave at once.

It is necessary that every "lady-help" should have a bedroom to herself, unless by special arrangement she were to consent to use a separate bed in the same room with another lady.

I will be no party to any lady engaging herself to scour floors, black-lead grates, clean "pots and pans," nor to varnish any shoes but her own ; neither to carry pails, water, nor coal ; and hope that I may have the sympathy of employers, in feeling that these are duties which no lady ought to undertake.

The objection to black-leading grates does not apply with equal force to kindling a fire, nor to "taking up the ashes," should this be found convenient. In chamois leather gloves no detriment to the hands is likely to ensue—and happy is the woman, of what-so-ever grade, who has never been obliged to perform these duties in the interest of some dear invalid, who would have been distracted by noise and dust.

No lady-help should be required to take her meals with ordinary servants, but should carry them herself to her own bedroom, failing any other room being appointed for her. It is desirable that no lady should enter a family where less than two helps are employed, when they would be almost sure to have some small

room at their disposal. A nice clean kitchen would be comfortable enough if no other servants were kept ; and if the rough work were done by a charwoman attending occasionally for the purpose, who would of course, among other duties, include "cleaning the doorsteps."

I allowed my helps to take newspapers and magazines to their rooms for reading, providing that they were returned, or that they were at hand when called for. I also allowed the use of a piano at such times as did not interfere with the comfort of the family. I gave my cook, kitchen-maid, and lady's-maid, each £20; dairy-maid, and housemaid, had £15. Each was allowed £5 for beer money, and each salary was raised £5 at the end of the first year. Travelling expenses were allowed second class.

It is exceedingly desirable that no engagement should be made without an interview ; and, possibly, some ladies might not object to allowing the "helps" to see beforehand the rooms that they would occupy, and the space that they would be expected to keep clean, so far as sweeping, dusting, cleaning brass door-handles, and washing marble mantle-pieces. Brass door-handles seem generally left to themselves in England, but in Wales they are great objects of pride, when shining like burnished gold.

Probably no employer would object to her "helps" receiving their friends on Sunday afternoons, and giving them tea ; nor to

allowing such as could be spared to go with them to church, chapel, or for a walk; their friends leaving them at the door of the house on their return. A good exchange from the "follower" of kitchen notoriety!

It has been frequently asked—"Are these 'lady-helps' at any time to mix on terms of equality with the families whom they serve?" This is a matter which must be left absolutely to be determined by the feeling of employer and employed; for there could be no greater mistake than to make intercourse, which should arise spontaneously with the growth of friendship, a matter of barter.

Some ladies would doubtless prefer serving in families where no men servants are kept, while to others the duties of a parlour-maid would be more embarrassing than any which could fall to their lot.

Some employers would feel more *gêne*, from being waited upon at dinner by lady-helps; than where circumstances allowed of their duties being performed out of sight.

Those who are familiar with parts of the Continent, where the daughters of the host attend on their father's guest, would not feel this awkwardness. On the other hand, it is probable that the divinity which "doth hedge" a true gentlewoman, would be felt, even by her fellow servants, of the masculine gender.

The lady-helps should always be more in number than the servants under them; as it is

only the roughest work, which a lady could not do, that would fall to the servants' share.

Some misconception, as to the work ladies might be expected to undertake, has risen from my having had a lady-cook and a lady-kitchen-maid. The cook managed the soups, fish, and savoury dishes; the kitchen-maid undertook all sweets, and gave assistance with the *entrées*. Both were waited upon by the scullery-maid, who scoured floors and tables, cleaned "pots and pans," and lighted fires. This woman also scoured the floor when required, and scalded all dairy utensils once a week—the young lady dairy-maid scalding them on the other days.

KEATS' SONNETS (20).

CHANDOS CLASSICS EDITION.

One Prize, £5.

OF the fifty sonnets written by Keats the twenty given here can hardly be considered fairly representative of his sonnet work at its best. It is true that some of the sonnets excluded are among his weakest—we notice without regret, for instance, the absence of those addressed to Byron and Chatterton—but we miss the beautiful *Last Sonnet* ('Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art'); that beginning 'The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone'; the Homeric one containing the famous line 'There is a budding morrow in midnight,' and other favourites. The sonnets under consideration—ranging as they do from Keats' early efforts in this form of verse to some of his finest and most finished productions—are, naturally, very unequal in point of merit; and the admirer who should fail to recognise this fact would pay a very poor compliment to the best among them. Keats, like Cromwell, is 'big enough to be painted with his warts;' and we shall but prove our incapacity for rendering intelli-

gent homage to the magic of his verse at its best by any attempt to ignore palpable defects and crudities.

Admitting, then, that some of these sonnets appear to lack inspiration—admitting, too, that it is not on his sonnets as a whole that Keats' claim to immortality chiefly rests—the fact remains that even those not specially noteworthy from the artistic standpoint have yet a strong interest for us in the light of his subsequent achievements, and as adding their quota to our knowledge of the poet, his friends, and surroundings. Moreover, even in cases where the form is too dignified for the subject—and the sonnet never seems a fitting vehicle for commonplace or trivial sentiments—there is generally some touch that bespeaks the real Keats, soon to rise so far above the tone of 'chatty familiarity' in which a few of these earlier verses are conceived.

The due perception of relative values which one great poet—Wordsworth—never attained,—the sense of the subtle distinction between real poetry and versified prose,—was only temporarily lacking to Keats. While as yet the distinction remains ungrasped, the sublime and the commonplace jostle one another oddly in his poetry. Into some aërial

palace reared by Fancy he will introduce a being of mortal mould, and forthwith the whole faëry fabric crumbles into dust. Or he charms us into some ethereal realm of the imagination, from which, by a careless touch, we are made to fall headlong. In the very first sonnet the line

‘ E’en now, dear George, while this for you I write,’

brings us to earth with a jar that is positively painful ; and the closing couplet,

‘ But what, without the social thought of thee,
Would be the wonders of the sky and sea ? ’

rivets us there, which is all the more disappointing as the ‘ laurelled peers who from the feathery gold of evening lean ’ had led us to expect something very different. Then, too, in spite of our knowledge of Keats’ devotion to his family, and to this brother in particular, the fraternal sentiment here seems certainly a little strained. A man who so ‘ loved the principle of Beauty in all things ; ’ whose greatest pleasure was found in watching the growth of flowers ; who, in his dying fancy, felt ‘ the daisies growing over ’ him, did not need the ‘ social thought ’ of even a dearly loved brother, to enable him to appreciate ‘ the wonders of the sky and sea.’

The domestic interest recurs again in a subsequent sonnet, *To my Brothers*, and again, with a tinge of romance, in 'Nymph of the downward smile and sidelong glance,' a sonnet addressed to Miss Georgiana Wylie, the lady who, a little later, married George Keats.

This was the time when the influence of Leigh Hunt was supreme with his younger comrade, and to the example of his literary sponsor we may trace the familiar, colloquial, *personal* style a good deal affected by Keats at this period. But if we hold the author of *Rimini* responsible in part for the fact that his friend and disciple sometimes wrote verse that was little more than pleasant jingle, we must not shirk the admission that all lovers of Keats have much more cause to thank Leigh Hunt than to blame him. In the pleasant literary circle to which his friendship with the older poet admitted him, Keats found yet other friends, and in Hunt himself he had a generous and sympathetic friend and adviser. These very sonnets bear constant witness in one way or other to their friendship. One is a greeting to Leigh Hunt on his liberation from prison, keenly appreciative of his sufferings in the cause of liberty, and insisting strongly upon his *essential* freedom in spite of his

bodily imprisonment. Of another ('O solitude! if I must with thee dwell') we remember that it was the first published of Keats' poems, and brought out by Hunt in the *Examiner* of May 5th, 1816. *The Grasshopper and Cricket* was written in a friendly competition with Hunt, and yet another sonnet ('Keen fitful gusts') was composed while Keats was walking home one winter night from Hunt's house at Hampstead, and while, as he says,

'Brimful of the friendliness
That in a little cottage I have found.'

The sonnet numbered XIV in this collection, and beginning 'Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,' celebrates Hunt as one of these 'great spirits,' his compeers in this instance being Wordsworth, and Haydon, the painter, to whom the sonnet is addressed. It is easy to recognise Leigh Hunt in the lines,

'He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake:'

and Haydon, in the description of one

'Whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.'

This latter friendship inspired two other sonnets: the later of them (XIX), which enclosed that *On*

the Elgin Marbles, containing some fine lines commemorative of Haydon's share in obtaining public recognition of their merits :

'Think, too, that all these numbers should be thine ;
 Whose else ? In this who touch thy vesture's hem ?
 For, when men stared at what was most divine
 With brainless idiotism and o'erwise phlegm,
 Thou hadst beheld the full Hesperian shine
 Of their star in the East, and gone to worship them !'

However acceptable every personal detail or suggestion to be found in these sonnets may be to the lover of Keats, yet, from a literary point of view, the characteristic touches occurring here and there throughout them possess more value. Such are the poetic reckoning of time, where in sonnet V he describes a ramble in the fields,

'What time the skylark shakes the tremulous dew
 From his lush clover covert,'

and the beautiful description in the lines to Solitude,

'Let me thy vigils keep
 'Mongst boughs pavilioned, where the deer's swift leap
 Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell,'

and in another place the likening of a passing day to

'The passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.'

The Grasshopper and Cricket has all through much that is characteristic about it; but there are three or more of the sonnets that are altogether on a higher level than the rest. The last—*A Dream*—is one of these. Here Keats breaks fresh ground with a reminiscence of Dante. He speaks of the dream itself as ‘one of the most delightful enjoyments I ever had in my life;’ and his own criticism of the sonnet is, ‘there are fourteen lines in it, but nothing of what I felt.’ Nevertheless, if it failed fully to express the vivid fancy of the poet, it conveys to the reader something at least of the charm that he experienced in his visionary wanderings. He compares himself to Hermes, lulling all the hundred eyes of Argus to sleep, and profiting by his slumber to take wing. He, too, by the music of his ‘Delphic reed,’ lulls the ‘dragon world’ to sleep, and then flies, not to Ida or Tempe, but to ‘that second circle of sad Hell’ which Dante describes,

‘Where, ’mid the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw
Of rain and hailstones, lovers need not tell
Their sorrows. Pale were the sweet lips I saw;
Pale were the lips I kissed, and fair the form
I floated with about that melancholy storm.’

Here we see Keats under the spell of mediæval

romance; but the ancient Greek mythology possessed an even stronger charm for him, and its fascination is evident in his poems. It is obvious, too, that Greek art was not without its influence upon him. The address to Haydon, laudatory of his discrimination in regard to the Elgin Marbles, has already been quoted from, and in his fine sonnet upon the subject, sent to Haydon with this address, Keats alludes to their effect upon himself—to the burden of mortality that weighs upon him in view of heights to which he feels that he cannot soar, and to the pain which the artist ever suffers in face of unattainable perfection—

‘Such dim conceived glories of the brain
 Bring round the heart an indescribable feud;
 So do these wonders a most dizzy pain
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
 Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main,
 A sun, a shadow of a magnitude.’

The sonnet on Chapman's Homer, though in point of time among Keats' earlier poems, and reputed indeed by some critics to be the only really excellent thing in his first volume, remains still his best known and most popular sonnet. Familiar as it is, it is difficult to say exactly what constitute its chief merits. It carries such strong

internal evidence of a genuine inspiration derived from a first intimate acquaintance with 'the glamour of the world antique,' that we hardly need the old story of the poet 'sitting up till daylight' over his Chapman, 'shouting with delight,' to enable us to realise his enthusiasm. This enthusiasm Keats forthwith transmuted into immortal verse, and we have the result in a sonnet so much above ordinary criticism that, though we might speak truly of its 'inevitableness,' its spontaneity, its felicity of simile and expression, as among its excellences, we should be no nearer discovering the secret of the charm it possesses. Extracts fail to do justice to its unity of thought and treatment, and it is too widely known to quote in full; but quotation is surely unnecessary in dealing with a poem that all lovers of poetry know and love.

GERTRUDE E. CLARKE.

The Bank,
Chatteris,
Cambs.

MORE "GOSSIP."

MANY of the following odds and ends were written for my husband's reading during his nineteen years of deafness, and in some cases do not represent my later thoughts; but I leave them as written because marking an era in mental history.

In pursuance of a promise in the first thousand of the preceeding essays, I now add something about Norbury and Devas.

These were written principally for my husband.

In the first thousand of three of the following essays I wrote: '*If readers should be tolerant of my "Gossip," perhaps these friends of mine may become theirs also—viz., NORBURY and DEVAS.*'

R. M. C.

THOMAS NORBURY
 was born at Bromsgrove.
 Died at Merthyr July 14, 1872,
 Aged 64.

For forty-nine years he kept a small oilshop in Pont-y-storehouse, over which he built an observatory.

‘Skilful in all wisdom and cunning in knowledge and understanding science.

‘He spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out out of the wall; he spake also of the beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things.

‘After the way which they called heresy, so worshipped he the God of his fathers.’

In Memoriam,
 By Rose Mary Crawshay.

The above appears on a white marble tombstone in Vaynor churchyard, two miles from Merthyr.

Thomas Norbury was sent while young to visit his maternal uncle, a large farmer in Radnorshire. After a time he came to Merthyr, worked as a

mechanic in various shops, going on Sundays to friends among the hills. His uncle thought him intelligent, and with many others wished to make a parson of him. But he had seen too much of the parson at — to respect any. He had seen him ‘supported between two people into the pulpit to preach,’ and on other occasions, when not tipsy, ‘no sooner was his cassock off than he would get his coat off too, and throw up a ball as a challenge.’ There were dog-fights, rat hunts, and all kind of discreditable amusements on a Sunday; and, years after, Norbury returned there to preach to them. He never took a penny for this, and was no believer in the value of any religious or educational teaching which is paid for (!).

Norbury used to speak of an old pupil named WILLIAM WILLIAMS, who had been gold-crushing in Australia, had made about £900, and had bought some houses, which he lets. He said: ‘He is so honest a man that if gold pieces (not his) lay as thick as the rhododendron blooms around him he would not touch one.’ He also spoke of another perfectly honest man, a mason of the name of Hyde. He had to build part of a wall round Twynyrodyn Churchyard when Mr. Crawshay was

Chairman of the Board of Health. Someone complained that the wall was not well done. To spare the Board, or rather the ratepayers, Mr. Crawshay said he had a mason named Malifant, a perfectly good judge of a wall, who should go and see it. Malifant pronounced it not well done, and Hyde had to do it again. He went through the Bankruptcy Court, started for California, and returned to Merthyr for no purpose but to pay every farthing he owed. To one person he went with £30. The man said: 'Oh, that's all done with; it has been crossed off my books these ten years.' 'Ah, but,' said Hyde, 'it is not crossed off my conscience;' and he paid it, and took a receipt, which Norbury saw. He went to Cardiff and Bristol, paying every farthing he had ever owed, and then off to America again. Norbury asked him, 'What about that wall?' Hyde said: 'I've been to see it, and my second doing is as firm now as when I did it.'

I told him Mr. G—— had said to me that he would rather see people, instead of leaving money to endow churches, leave it for the education of animals. He thought animals might be greatly advanced by education and were quite susceptible of it, seeing how peculiarities are transmitted from

sire to offspring. Norbury said: 'You would not thereby hurry on intelligence (? , R.M.C.). Everything has its time appointed, and you could no more hasten the dial of the universe in this way than you could alter the time of day by pushing on the hands of a clock.'

I was once rejoicing that I lived in this age of the world instead of as a savage hundreds of years ago. 'You are not in the least degree happier, m'am. A vessel can but be full, and a thimble may be as full as an ocean.'

I lent Norbury Thoreau's *Walden*, being an account of how the author retired to the borders of *Walden Pond* and built himself a house. He greatly enjoyed reading it, and said, with glittering eyes: 'Where is Mr. Thoreau? I'd go a thousand miles to meet that man.'

'Alas!' I said, 'You'd have to go further, for he is dead.'

'Not so sure I should have to go further for all that, for I believe the dead may be as near us as the air we breathe.'

Still, in spite of this opinion, he greatly liked my 'Thoughts on Death,' published with the 3rd edition of 'Euthanasia,' which he had seen when first printed.

At a time when there was so much discussion in the newspapers on this subject, and more especially when I spoke at the School Board on Bible reading, alluding to the *Vedas* and other books, of which we both knew something, he said:

‘This is your day, m’am. You have great opportunities just now.’

‘Well, I suppose “every dog has his day”,’ was my reply.

‘Not so m’am; there are some to whom it is always night.’

‘You mean, I suppose, that some are of so unhappy a disposition that their minds are always dark.’

‘Precisely; the kingdom of heaven is within us.’

NEW BOOKS.

‘Mr. Norbury, I have just got a new book.’

‘I’m very sorry to hear it; there is far too much reading, and too little thinking.’

I lent him Mr. Lecky’s ‘History of Rationalism in Europe.’ When he returned it he said: ‘I have just had enough previous reading greatly to enjoy this, for I have read Glanville’s *Demonology* and also *Casaubon*. The last I found

among a lot of old papers I had bought by the pound, and knowing the name I read the book. When I had finished it a Roman Catholic priest came and asked me to sell it him for 10s. I agreed, for having it in my head I did not want it on my shelves.' A book collector passing through the town heard of it, and purchased it for 30s., and it ultimately fetched £2 10s. in London.

ON LADIES' DRESS.

One Sunday Norbury was very minute in his enquiries after 'Miss Henrietta'—hoped she was well, and that nothing was the matter the Sunday before. He said: 'Just at six o'clock, as I was leaving, she passed through the hall very quickly.' I said: 'I suppose that was because it was dinner time, and we are very punctual, so I dare say she was in a hurry.' 'Ah, but, m'am, the young lady was only *half* dressed!' It is needless to say I understood the reflection on a *décolletée toilette*.

MARS.

I offered to lend Norbury a copy of the *Athenæum* containing a very interesting account of the planet Mars. He said: 'Thank you; I

should like to see it, for I have been watching him assiduously through all this season, he being in a better position than has been the case for eighteen years for observing the snows of his southern hemisphere.' I found I needed not to lend him the *Athenæum*, for this was what I meant him to read.

He used to speak of some inhabitant of Merthyr who had left it years ago, and was found by a Merthyr man in the far west of America inhabiting a lonely hut in the forest. She was then in a dying state, and he stayed one day with her and offered to remain until all should be over. 'Do you think,' said she, proudly, 'that I who have *lived* for thirty years alone am afraid to *die* alone?'

One lovely summer evening Henrietta and I had walked with him by the *Gurnos*, and he said: 'How little we value such an evening, and the fact that we are all here enjoying our walk, free from disease and from the pangs of hunger!' 'Oh! but I am very hungry,' said my daughter, which amused him immensely. He had a curious objection to meals being served at certain fixed hours. He said this recurrence of meals led many to eat when they were not hungry. 'I would recommend you, m'am, to have bread and meat

always on a table in your hall or room where people might go and help themselves.' This amused me as a novel arrangement for Cyfarthfa Castle. I lent Mr. Norbury Mr. W. Rathbone Greg's book, *The Creed of Christendom*. When he returned it he said: 'You have read this book?'

'Yes.'

'And you still continue to go to church?' (severely).

'Yes; after much thought I have concluded it is better I should do so, although the time may come when it would become impossible for me to continue to do so. How could I expect my grown-up children or my servants to attend church if I never went?—and possibly, too, in my position, example may have an influence beyond my own home—if those I have named gave up church-going it would not be for my reason. They would not give it up because convinced it had nothing further to teach them—because they had studied theology so deeply that the church creed was but one of an infinite number which had been passed in review. Added to which I am not an Atheist, nor do I wish to give anyone the impression that I am one, which my not attending any place of worship might possibly do.'

‘ Well, m’am, I admit in your case there are “extenuating circumstances.” Still, I can hardly consider you are right to go and hear that sublime Being, whom we both reverence as perfect wisdom and perfect love, maligned as He is maligned in churches and chapels. Suppose there had been a meeting at some public-house near here, and you heard that Mr. Crawshay had been spoken very ill of and abused, and you were told “Norbury was there.” You might say, “I am sure Norbury could not have been abusing Mr. Crawshay; he likes him too well to do that.” Your informant might say, “Well, at any rate Norbury was there, and if he did not join in the abuse he sat quiet and never contradicted it, and gave it the sanction of his presence.” ’

These were bitter words, and I felt them.

Mr. Norbury, in his younger days, always attended church, and took an adult school for many years regularly there. I observed to him: ‘ You don’t go to church now, Mr. Norbury ? ’

‘ No. I am too near the end of my earthly career to waste two hours every Sunday morning. I shall never go again to church.’ And he never did.

THE SUN AND MOON.

Some young men asked him if he believed the sun did stand still in the valley of Ajalon, etc.? He told them he did not; and proceeded from his great astronomical knowledge to show the impossibility of such an event, and told them, too, how absurd is the idea suggested by some people that the whole universe was not affected, but only the earth arrested in its course. He showed these young men that to stop the earth in its course would cause such a concussion as would at once smash everything on its surface, and kill every living creature. That day the clergyman came to him and asked him how he had presumed to give such heretical teaching? He replied: 'When the young men want your opinion, sir, I presume they will go to you for it. When they want mine they will come to me for it, and *they shall have it.*'

COLENSO ON 'THE PENTATEUCH.'

The Rev. — came into his shop one day and found him reading Colenso on 'The Pentateuch.' He was excessively angry, and would have damaged the book if near enough. Norbury asked him why

he did not read it instead of getting in such a rage. He replied he had no time. But some weeks after he came to ask Norbury to lend it, which Norbury said he could not do, as it was only lent to him. 'Why don't you buy the book, sir?' The Rev. — replied: 'I have no money.' 'Well, indeed, sir; you are poor! Last week you told me you'd no time, and now you say you've no money. How sad a case!'

'SOMETHING AGAINST ME.'

This. 'Our Local Philosopher' once said to me: 'Madam, I have something against you.'

'And what may that be, Mr. Norbury?'

'Last week the parson died, and when his funeral was about to pass my wife wanted me to put the shutters up. "No," I said, "I did not respect him living, and I shall not pretend to do so now he is dead." So I went to the back of my shop. Presently my wife called out: "Here's the funeral, and the Squire's carriage following." "Well, that is very kind of Mrs. Crawshay," said I, "for he had been rude enough to her. But I suppose it is 'forgive and forget.'" "Oh, but,"

said my wife, "the carriage is empty!" Now, m'am, was that meant as an insult?'

I could scarcely speak for laughing as I explained to him that in England friends send their empty carriages to do honour to the deceased.

'Oh, then, m'am,' said he, 'next time I have a friend dead I will send somebody with an empty wheelbarrow after him.'

I was telling this anecdote to Professor Huxley, and he said: 'Do not regret the smallness of your visiting list while you have such a man as that to chat with.'

The occasion on which he said this was when we were both dining with Dr. Rae, the great Arctic explorer. Miss Thompson, Mrs. Rae's sister, had made an appropriate name-card sketched in pen and ink for each of the brilliant party they had kindly asked me to meet. Dr. Tyndall arrived very late, having been driving round without finding the house. Professor Huxley's card was bounded on one side by a giraffe, descending through all the smaller animals until it finished with a mouse. For me this kind lady had sketched Cyfarthfa Castle, surrounded by

a wreath of rosemary (my name), and of which blossom Keats wrote :

‘ Sweet scented flower, which blooms on January’s front
 severe,
 And sheds its fragrance o’er the dying year.’

My birthday is in January.

MRS. DEVAS

was the dearest and cleverest lady-friend I ever had, and my indebtedness to Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, who introduced us, can never be forgotten. I saw a letter to her from some distinguished German Professor, who wrote: ‘ You complain of loneliness and want of sympathy. Alas ! that must be the fate of those who have climbed the High Alps of Thought.’

She was much inclined to Spiritism ; and when her friends the Glennies went to America she and her maid used nightly to consult a little three-legged table to know the latitude and longitude of their steamer, and its answers were carefully written down ! But when they came to be compared with the ship’s log they proved mendacious, which considerably shook her faith in the occult powers.

She was immensely amused, when having told a very small boy, that she had taken the lease of her new house for seven years, and asking him if he thought that too long, he replied, after critically looking her over, ' Well, I don't know, " Vas,"* but I think five would have been enough.'

When Bishop Colenso and his family visited me at St. Leonards, where I was lodging in apartments, she daily sent her butler, with all the accessories of a well-appointed dinner-table, 'to lay the cloth' and to wait on us. She herself came later, and charming were the evenings we spent; for the Bishop was an ardent lover of music, and she played the works of Beethoven and Mozart admirably. She had a 'companion' a still greater proficient than herself. This lady said to my son, then aged six: 'What shall I play to you my little man?' 'I don't care, so that it be something of Mozart's;' on which she played something for which he thanked her, but added: 'I don't like that so well as his "*Gloria in Excelsis*" in his *Twelfth Mass*.' It may seem incredible, but at two months old he would show his delight at the end of a phrase of music, but never until it

* The diminutive of Devas.

was finished.* He is now a *dévot* of Wagner, at the shrine at Baireuth.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR WILLIAM
GROVE, F.R.S.

The manner in which I became acquainted with Sir William Grove, more than twenty-three years ago, was as follows. A play, 'Marie Antoinette' was then running at a London theatre, and my husband announced his intention of taking the family to see it. I utterly declined to be one of the party, as it is a chapter of history which I cannot even read without being prostrated for the day.

Miss Durant, the Sculpturess (that most charming and gifted woman whose demise passed without any notice that I am aware of, except from Mr. James Mortimer in the *London Figaro*), asked me to accompany her to the South Kensington Museum on the next day (Sunday), she, as a working woman, having the *entrée*. In the course

* I should not have courage to publish this were it not that someone is collecting evidences of the thoughtfulness of babies under two years of age.

of conversation I mentioned the engagement of the family to see 'Marie Antoinette', and she said, 'You will be alone that evening. Come and dine with me, to meet Mrs. Andrew Crosse.' I did so, and she appeared to know a great deal more of me than I expected, which led me to ask if she were any relation of the charming Dr. Crosse, of St. Leonards. That clergyman, having been educated as a barrister, knew well how to glance lightly over the shallows of Theology. 'Nay, it is not from him that I have heard of you, but your name is well known in the literary and scientific world, and among others by Mr. Grove. He is aware that you have read and liked his "Correlation of the Physical Forces." You must allow me to arrange a dinner, at which you shall meet.' I thanked her, and shortly after received an invitation, followed by a call at which she said, 'I have heard that you are the mother of two delicate boys, and are devoted to them; and I called to beg you not to break this engagement, as Mr. Grove has declined a heavy retainer, in order to meet you.' This at the time I thought must be an invention to please me; but I believe from what I heard subsequently that it might have been possible. The evening came. Mr.

Grove chatted with me before dinner, took me down to dinner, and we talked again after dinner. I only wish I could now remember his charming conversation. Correlation and philosophy were of course topics, and I was amused to see that Mrs. Crosse had on her table a decanter labelled 'Electrified Water,' which proved to be whiskey; but Mr. Grove was armed with his own little pocket flask. I told him how much I valued his 'Correlation of the Physical Forces,' which during the previous summer had been my nightly reading, in turn with John Stuart Mill on 'Liberty,' for I always then, as now, liked to have a choice of books by my bedside. I complained to Mr. Grove (afterwards Sir William) of the difficulty I had in understanding his book; many paragraphs I had read six times, not because of any obscurity in wording, but because the thoughts were so entirely new to me and so original.

THE CARMARTHENSHIRE VANS.

Never shall I forget that beautiful morning in the year —, when we left Cathedine at six o'clock in an open wagonette, the party consisting

of Sir William Grove, my younger daughter, my son Robert, and myself. We went to Brecon, where we arrived about half-past seven, and took train for the Carmarthenshire Vans, and thence walked many miles to the Van Pools. We met on the hillside a party of naturalists headed by Mr. Symonds, Rector of Pendock, near Shrewsbury, and Mr. Lee. We passed the first Pool in deep shadow, though about twelve o'clock, and went on to the second, and wandered over the hills till it began to get late. We had sent our servants to look for a conveyance at Brecon, and bring it on to meet us. It so happened this was the day of an election, and every vehicle was in request in Brecon. We wandered on hoping to see the brake arrive. One pleasant incident occurred in our progress. I was a little in advance of the rest of the party, and saw the rays of the sun glinting on a Druidical circle of stones. On pointing this out to the rest of the company I was assured by those who had maps that I had made the discovery of a 'Druidical circle' hitherto unknown! I was advised to send particulars of it to some learned society, but I gave up all rights as to the discovery. At last we thought we had wandered back nearly to the high road; but on

ascending the eminence before us, instead of seeing the high road, we found another gigantic hill. Having surmounted this, we were in the neighbourhood of a farmhouse, where we determined to stay all night if need be, or at least until some conveyance reached us. There was not room for the whole party even to sit down in the cottage, so it was proposed that the ladies should go to a better house about a mile-and-a-half further on. But we entirely declined moving, and, having been refreshed with tea and bread and butter, prepared to spend the night there. At this moment the welcome sound of wheels was heard, and about nine we all got into the brake and made our way home by Senai Bridge. On our road the moon was shining brightly, but after a time it ceased to give so much light as it had done, but we none of us knew till next morning that there had been an eclipse.

On one occasion when we went to meet Sir William Grove at the top of Langorse Lake, Mr. Symonds wearing splendidly violet stockings, Sir William said 'I might have expected to meet "blue-stockings" here, but certainly not violet!' When the first woman's club was started it

was proposed that there should be two wings, one for men and one for women, and the centre part where both might meet. There was great discussion as to what it should be called. Sir William Grove (then Mr. Grove) suggested '*The Apteryx!*' (this being the name of a bird whose wings have disappeared).

LORD DENMAN.

Those were pleasant days when I was privileged to sit and watch Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Grove, with the latter's two daughters, playing lawn-tennis at the pleasant house called H——. There it was, whilst sitting one Sunday afternoon in the drawing-room, I said: 'What an extraordinary noise the turkeys are making, and there is a donkey also! What has happened to all the animals?' 'Oh!' said Sir William, 'it is only Denman in the hall imitating them.'

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Many years ago, I was at Sir Edwin Arnold's (then Mr. Arnold), and he said: 'I see my wife has got Robert Browning here to-night, and I have

just said to him, "Of all men, most have I avoided thee." 'A very polite greeting that to a visitor in your own house,' was my remark. 'Oh, but you do not know the reason. I told Browning I so intensely admire his poetry that I could only fear lest the enchantment might be lessened.'

I well remember Sir Edwin's astonishment when I quoted the Gospel according to Pontius Pilate, wherein is a magnificent piece of writing 'against sadness.' This is in the Apocryphal Gospels, of which the following legend is given. There were originally fourteen Gospels, which were placed on an altar, while the elders of the Church sat round. They fell asleep, and ten of the rolls of writing fell off; consequently the remaining four according to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John had precedence.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Happy indeed for us that the time of 'crinolines' has gone! May they never return! Miss Frances Power Cobbe, whose name is synonymous with kindness to animals, was once badly repaid for the shelter she had given to two homeless dogs, who availed themselves of the occasion of her being occupied in conversation with me, to have a

fight under her crinoline. A nice little French governess who was with my children, one day suddenly jumped up from the luncheon table, exclaiming '*Le souris! le souris!*' And true enough, a mouse had run up her crinoline, followed by two kittens! Miss Cobbe was once much annoyed, when travelling, by the practising of some ladies on a piano, the partition of the room being very thin. She pushed under the doorway a paper on which was written somewhat thus:

'Pity the sorrows of a poor old maid,
Whom wandering steps have driven to lodge next door;
Oh! pray, young ladies, practise less,
And she will bless you more.'

But it was of no avail, and poor Miss Cobbe had to leave.

A missionary selected a wife because she made such a good pie. 'Oh! the pi-ous missionary!' said Miss Cobbe.

MR. HENRY IRVING.

Mr. Henry Irving has been justly noted for his faculty of saying charming things to people he meets. I can recall an occasion when we first met at one of Professor Huxley's delightful 'high

teas' to which his friends came without giving any previous intimation. On this occasion we were seventeen, and I sat opposite Mr. Irving, who was next to Mrs. Huxley.

He addressed himself to me, saying, 'I have just heard from our hostess that you are Mrs. Crawshay, of Cyfarthfa, and I beg that you will allow me to thank you in my own name and that of all the members of my profession for your excellent letter in the ——— newspaper advocating the *Drama* as a mode of instruction. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that your letter has gone the round of the world in the *Era* newspaper, where it was copied.'

I was much surprised, the more so as I had been the subject of much opprobrium from the unco' guid.

DR. GRAY.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, began on a journey by train, when I found him wonderfully clever in writing on a slate for my husband, who had, alas! already begun his nineteen long years of deafness. We had a great deal of chat together, and I, thinking

he was an M.D., spoke of many points with less reserve than I should have done had I known he was a Ph.D. We discussed the 'missing link,' and when he got home that night to the British Museum he told his wife that he had met with a lady in the train who knew that the great difference between monkey and man lay in the *hippocampi*, *major* and *minor*. This was in the days some forty years ago, when ladies had not learnt all the 'ologies.'

MR. KENYON.

It was at the house of Professor John Westlake, Q.C., that I had the pleasure of being 'taken in to dinner' by the late Mr. Kenyon, whose first words were 'I hear that you have the misfortune of living in the country.' As I by no means looked on this as a misfortune, it proved a fertile source of contention. I may safely say that as compared with country life I hate any city I ever was in, even London, Paris, Rome, Turin and Naples, my only exception being Stuttgart. Among the many amusing stories told me by Mr. Kenyon was the one of his friend Mr. Kettle, who liked to sit on his window sill, with his legs hanging outside;

and on his visitors remonstrating, said, 'What! mayn't a kettle sit on his own hob?' It was Sir William Grove who told me of the famous electioneering 'squib':

' 'Twixt Hill and hell and Hull
The difference is a letter;
If Hill would go to h-ll,
For Hull 'twould be much better.'

MR. MONCURE CONWAY.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway was introduced to me as the minister of South Place Chapel and successor to W. J. Fox, M.P. His patrimony would have consisted of slaves, he being the eldest son of a Virginian slave holder, but he adopted anti-slavery views in 1851, when he was nineteen. The slaves were freed by the Civil War, and Mr. Conway colonised them in Ohio. He maintained himself by literature and lectures. He was now lecturing at two chapels in London and largely engaged in literary work.

'It is rare,' said Lady Lyell, 'to find anyone who has made sacrifices for conscience sake.'*

* I regret that I have lost the charming notices which appeared principally in American papers at the time of this dear woman's death. The following is from the Boston (U.S.) *Daily Advertiser*: 'Her death

Mr. Conway has told me how in the early morning about three, he was startled by his slaves singing. This was when they were in the cars on their way to Ohio, and had just crossed the frontier between Pennsylvania and Maryland, which made them secure of their freedom.

Mr. Conway, when near Metz in the German-French war (being a correspondent for a New York journal), found the train so full of wounded men that there was not even standing room for him. He used his time in making presents of cigars and wine to all the suffering soldiers, and at the last moment, when too late to stop the train, he jumped on top of a carriage; all the station master could do was to shout, 'Lie flat, the tunnels are very low,' and thus did he travel to Saarbruck. Travelling swiftly by private carriage and railway to the coast, and crossing the channel, he arrived in England to find total ignorance of the great battle of Gravelotte. He called on his friend Mr. Robinson of the *Daily News*, its present editor, and was by him detained until he had written the graphic account of the

falls upon the hearts that loved her with the shock of unexpectedness, and in parting from her, her friends must feel that to them something of the light of life has passed away from earth.'

battle which appeared next day when every other paper in England was silent. This article was telegraphed to every part of Europe.

Mrs. Conway is a true and loving friend. She assisted her husband in colonising his father's slaves in Ohio, her native State. She told me the most she ever saw a person doing at once was when the wife of a professor was examining a student in Virgil, shelling peas, and rocking her baby's cradle with her foot.

KESUB CHUNDER SEN.

Seeing an announcement in the *Echo*, then edited by Mr. Arthur Arnold, that this great reformer had arrived in town, I asked him to an evening party I was giving, and had the pleasure of hearing him say that he had there met the people he most desired to know in London. Sir Charles and Lady Lyell were among my guests, and a few evenings after, at their house, Sir Charles begged me to give Chunder Sen some supper, 'for you know what he will eat,' added Sir Charles. With me he only tasted a lemon ice; and I believe it was the same in Harley Street. He was immensely shocked at our serving fowls whole.

I had carefully instructed my servants not to send this 'darkie' away if he came, and to announce him simply as Mr. Sen. My efforts were more successful than those of Mrs. Vaughan at the Temple, who, having arranged a magnificent party for several young princes then studying law, was much surprised at their not appearing; next day she obtained from her servants the confession that they had sent away some black men thinking they were *Christy Minstrels*!

BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

Mrs. Oliphant told me how a curate came to lunch. In the afternoon, when the Bishop returned, they talked business, and then came five o'clock tea. Later on a candle was given him to go up and dress for dinner. As he failed to make his appearance at the dinner hour, the butler went up and found him in bed. 'I have had my dinner, I have had my tea, but if, verily, there be another dinner, I will come down to it.' And so he did.

Doctor Oliphant, when visiting at Cyfarthfa, was sitting on one of the large upholstered boxes made to contain music or work. He said: 'Why am I an instance of the Cross triumphing over the

Crescent? Because I am a Bishop of the Church of England sitting on an Ottoman.'

He was an enthusiastic lover of gardens, and our house party was not a little amused seeing him searching for a key supposed to be above the door of a hothouse—the Bishop in apron, gaiters, etc., in a wheelbarrow to add to his height.

BISHOP OF ST. DAVIDS.

Bishop Thirlwall never wore the insignia of office when travelling, and being in a train with our excellent Works' Doctor, Henry Thomas, and a discussion on some point of history being raised, Dr. Thomas laid down the law with much decision, on which the elderly gentleman in the corner, who was until then only a listener, said, 'On whose authority do you make that assertion?' 'On Doctor Thirlwall's.' On reaching Swansea, a servant approached and said, 'Your carriage is waiting, my Lord,' on which the gentleman begged Dr. Thomas to take a seat in it. This the Doctor could not do; but he asked the station-master who that gentleman was. 'Don't you know it's the great Bishop of St. David's?' clear proof that the Doctor had not misquoted him. At

Cyfarthfa, receiving him with only one of my sons, I said, on leaving the dining room: 'Try to persuade the Bishop to take another glass of wine.' 'No, no, young sir, your mother may do much; but you can do nothing.'

When Dr. Thirlwall saw our dear three-legged cat at Cyfarthfa (the lost leg was the result of an accident), he said, 'Ah, a Manx cat! Only in this case civilization has improved a tail "on" instead of "off."'

The Bishop was very fond of cats, and I have seen him walking in the grounds of Abergele Palace with one or two following him.

DOCTOR JOWETT.

In those far away days, when the revered Lady Augusta Stanley was still with us, I recollect at an afternoon tea following the Dean's Sunday sermon, he and I asked the Master of Balliol what was his opinion of Colenso's position? Dr. Jowett replied 'I fear he has been looking over the hedge too far!'

But this did not prove to be correct.

I have his neat little signature in my birthday book and a letter referring kindly to the pecuniary

help I had given in the matter of 'Essays and Reviews.'

Never shall I forget the profound impression made by his three lectures on *Plato*, the subject, of course, being *Socrates*. They were given in Albemarle Street, and were listened to by the chief English thinkers of that day; and it was a shock to step thence into the garish light and noise of Bond Street at three o'clock in the afternoon.

DEAN STANLEY.

When going over part of the Museum of the College of Surgeons with the Dean and Lady Augusta Stanley, we were all much amused at the Dean's saying to Mr. Flower, 'I wish you could have shown me some skulls of eminent persons.' The future Sir William replied, laughing, 'We don't get that sort here!'

MISS VINCENT.

My first acquaintance with Mrs. Boughton's sister, Miss Vincent, was very sweet, but very sad. I had stayed at West House for a couple

of days in the absence of the owners, being most kindly entertained by Miss Vincent, and within two months I heard of her death.

She had gone to Plymouth, taken cold in a steamboat excursion up the Tamar, and had died in a day or two, with barely time for her brother-in-law to see her alive.

ODD COINCIDENCES, ETC.

Without any leaning towards spiritism, I must yet confess to having experienced curious coincidences. On one occasion, being asked by a lady to accompany her for a drive, I agreed to do so; but she, being half an hour late, made me, of course, half an hour late for various appointments. I called on my good friend Miss Llewyn, the Secretary of the 'Women's Employment Society,' in Berners Street, where I often had a pleasant chat with her. On arriving I found everything altered, and Miss Llewyn apologised for asking me to go with her behind a screen, the entire remainder of the room being occupied by the annual meeting of the Society, Lord Shaftesbury in the chair. We chatted in an undertone for about two minutes, when she said: 'Listen!

They are talking about lady-helps;’ and we heard Lord Shaftesbury strongly objecting to any notice of the matter appearing in the report.

The lady who was giving in the report observed: ‘This has been the most important feature of the last year’s work, so that we cannot well leave out all mention of it.’ ‘Well, I put it to the meeting,’ said Lord Shaftesbury, ‘whether this shall be passed over?’ And passed over it was, though they none of them had any idea that the originator of the lady-help movement was within hearing of the debate.

Another instance I will give. Dining at Sir William Grove’s, we were talking during dinner of his sixth edition of ‘The Correlation of the Physical Forces,’ just then out; and on the gentlemen joining us after dinner, he said to Lady Grove: ‘Where is that copy of my book? I want to give it to Mrs. Crawshay. It was here before dinner on the table.’ They hunted high and low: Lady Grove searched, Sir William searched, the two daughters searched; and it was on the point of being given up, when I said: ‘May I look?’ ‘Certainly,’ was the reply. I then went to a distant book-case, where a book lay on its side, which I took for it, and

it proved to be the required volume; but there could not have been any clue for me in its appearance, as my copy of the first edition was about half its thickness and bound in green, whereas this was brown. Could it have been that my ardent desire to possess the book on that particular evening, when Sir William would write my name in it, attracted me to the right spot? On looking at my newly-acquired prize, I naturally turned to the newest portion, and there found an account of the passage of the comet's tail over Arcturus in 1857, and in this paragraph occurred the only misprint in the whole book, which I pointed out to Sir William, who corrected it in pencil.

A well-intentioned governess, who knew my aversion to caterpillars, desired me when a girl about thirteen, to bring her in six of these every day before dinner, and they were not allowed to be on a leaf, but on my bare hand. About two days I went through this business, but on the third the doctor had to be called in, as, waking in the night, I shrieked with terror that the bed was covered with green caterpillars. I had also a great objection to the fat of meat, but whenever I left any at dinner it was duly taken care of and

served up to me at the next meal. Still for all that I have never overcome my dislike to fat. And I do not think this kind of treatment will ever succeed in overcoming a prejudice, for to this day a green caterpillar is a terror to me.

It was at one of the great soirées of the Royal Society at Burlington House that the Editor of the *Athenæum* did me the favour of asking to be introduced on account of his interest in the foundress of the first seven free libraries opened on Sundays in England, and which he had generously mentioned in his paper when so much enthusiasm was evoked by the opening of the Birmingham Free Library on Sundays—erroneously announced as the first in England, but mine had then been ‘running’ for about eight years.

TRAVELLERS' TROUBLES.

I constantly met in the ladies' carriage, going to Monte Carlo, an Italian Countess, who told me she was expecting all her family of eight to stay a few days. They were to arrive at eleven at night; and she described graphically how she had to order fire for one and not for

another, hot bottles in some beds, none in others; and she had got a nice supper ready, and went to the station, but found the Italian train had missed the French one at Ventimiglia, so they all slept in the train. She had just told me this as the whole party were getting into a train to go to the races at Nice. Suddenly out jumped the father of the family, saying someone had stolen his *portemonnaie* with £50 in it; so he would stay behind. Then out jumped the Countess and said she, too, would stay behind. But this he would not allow, so she entered just as the train moved on. At Rocca-Bruna she asked the station master if she had time to send a telegram. 'Plenty,' he replied. So she got out, and in one minute off went our train, leaving her behind. At Monte Carlo her son-in-law left and gave into custody three young men who had been seen pushing the father. They were walked off to the *gendarmerie* to be searched, while the family went on to Nice—that is to say, what was left of it, for three had been dropped on the road. The son-in-law was in a great state of mind, not knowing if his mother-in-law would stop at Rocca-Bruna, or take a carriage on, or wait two hours for another train to Nice. I was very sorry for them and as yet

have failed to find out if anything has been heard of the pocket-book or purse.

Lovely weather here now, like May in England (February 2, 1886). I have just come in from a long and beautiful walk in the old town, where I was escorted by an elderly Swiss painter, a clever man, who has won many medals.

The purse was never found, but it contained £20 instead of £50. Two minutes after I left the party going on to Nice their engine broke down, and they were left one hour and a-half at Monaco! They soon left Mentone, and I hope their luck changed. The father had been sixteen years Mayor of Milan.

JOHN BULL'S FRENCH.

We were a pleasant party of four in the ladies' carriage travelling from Lyons to Marseilles—Russian, German, French, and English. French was the mode of conversation, being the only language in which we were all fluent. The French *Madame la Maréchale* abused English people for their manner of speaking French. She said she had been at a hotel near one of the lakes,

where she saw the following telegram received by the master: '*Un Chambre d'une lit, la visage dans la Lac.*' (!) Towards the end of our journey a discussion arose as to my nationality. The Russian lady said: 'There can be no doubt madame is one of my compatriotes, and doubtless from St. Petersburg.' 'No,' I said, 'I have not the honour to be Russian.' 'At any rate, you know I am paying you no bad compliment in thinking you Russian.' 'I know well you are paying me the highest compliment,' was my reply. Then the German lady said: '*Madame est peut-être Allemande,*' to which I said, 'No.' And we parted without my enlightening them, as I felt it would have been very trying for the French lady, after her remark on English people's French, to learn that I was English.

THE REV. MR. SYMONDS.

I rather think it was Mr. Symonds, the rector of Pendock, who told me that on asking his house-keeper whether any one had called, she replied, 'No, Sir, only Dr. Pranks and the boy Dawkins.' (Dr. Franks and Mr. Boyd Dawkins).

IMPERSONATION.

When at the hotel at San Remo, in 1879, there was an individual whom we will call General D. He impressed Mrs. G. H. and also Miss M., but I was not so much struck with him. He never allowed anyone to leave the hotel without pressing upon them his visiting card, which was to be presented at the next hotel they went to, and then he assured them they would receive the greatest attention. He was always on the point of departure, but never went. One day a party of five had been to Bordighera, and while waiting for our return train one of the party said to me: 'Come here, Mrs. Crawshay, and see a man who has got on the General's clothes.' I looked, and there was a person exceedingly resembling the General in size and dress, even to a scarlet silk necktie, which he always wore. My young friend said: 'He has even got a charm hanging to his watch-chain and the General said he wished someone would present him with one exactly like it.' When the train came up this gentleman placed himself in the only empty carriage, and, there being just five seats left, we took them. He began describing to us the advantages of an hotel he had just left, and then said: 'Now, you would

not believe it, but I am so well known on the Riviera that I am travelling at this moment without any money.' I thought this was a prelude for a subscription for him; but he said: 'When at an hotel the first thing I do is to give up my valuables, including my circular notes, to the care of the manager. These notes, having my London address on them, he stupidly posted, and thus I find myself with no money.' When we arrived at San Remo I saw the man waiting to notice which hotel we should go to, but we agreed to hold back until he had made his selection, which he did, going to the *Hotel Nazionale*. At dinner that night a lady who was not particularly partial to the General said: 'Do you know, General, we have seen a man exactly like you to-day?' Upon this the General turned pale, and next morning he was off. One of his admirers tried to explain the effect on him as due to superstition, as he thought we had seen his 'double.' But some of us held a very different opinion.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

I have faith in physiognomy. On leaving Paris early one morning, having to wait longer than I

expected for the train to start, a gentleman who was in the same predicament showed us various small *politesses*, and we took our seats in the carriage together. At Amiens the guard was shown the tickets, and our fellow-traveller, who had got out of the carriage, did not make his appearance. My companion, Miss Hatton, child of the novelist, of a very handsome Hebrew type of face, offered to help our friend to find his carriage. I said to her: 'Look out of the window;' and he shortly came rushing to the compartment, on which I told him my plan, and he said: '*Tête d'ange, Madame; tête d'ange!*' and proceeded to compliment me on so charming a daughter. 'But she is not mine,' I said. '*Tant pis pour vous, Madame?*' he replied. Miss Hatton said she did not understand French, but I think she must have understood the compliments which were thus offered to her.

On arriving at Calais we found six hundred French gentlemen going to England for the Bonaparte fête day. 'Allow me to take charge of your parcel of rugs,' said the Frenchman; and I was only too glad to relinquish it. On reaching Victoria nowhere could we see our travelling companion, and we were very much 'chaffed' on making our appearance *minus* our rugs. I went for a couple

of days into the country, and on returning to town a young friend said to me: 'Did you see that advertisement in *The Times* yesterday for the lady who, travelling by the Calais boat, had left her rugs in charge of a French gentleman, and begging that she would call and ask for such a parcel at the Charing Cross Hotel?' We lost no time in posting off to the hotel, but arrived there to find that the French gentleman had left that morning. 'Has he left a parcel of rugs for a lady?' 'No; he took everything away with him.' So the matter rested for many months, when I got a letter from M. Legrand, saying that the French gentleman, having kept the parcel all these months in the hope of delivering it to me intact, at last opened it, and there found a card of M. Legrand at Brussels, to whom he wrote, and he, having my address, was able to find me out. Thus I recovered the parcel. But I always said, even when its recovery seemed most unlikely, that I had faith in physiognomy, and that, if possible, my bundle would yet reach me.

CYFARTHFA.

My earliest remembrance is of racing down an avenue of elm trees with a dear black and tan

terrier called 'Quiver.' This was at Horton, where I often saw the cottage in which Milton wrote *Paradise Regained*. It has now been absorbed into a 'villa residence', and become a scullery. Many a time, even at that early age—for I was six when I left Horton—do I remember wishing that we all had no hearts more tender in feeling than flint stones, and envying them when I was remonstrated with about some childish fault.

I am now fat, and much more than forty; but years ago, after the birth of my third child, I was so thin and miserable-looking that on entering a shoe-maker's shop in London, after many months absence, I was astonished by the good wife running out of the shop, and shortly reappearing with her husband: 'There! I could not help calling him, for my husband said when you last left our shop, 'That poor lady will never come for any more shoes!'''

An old servant of mine, who had had great opportunities of seeing flowers arranged at Cyfarthfa, once tried his hand, and succeeded so admirably that I asked him how he managed it. The reply was: 'Well, m'am, I suppose *the heart* was born'd in me.' I concluded he meant to say the 'art' was born in him.

CREMATION.

My predilection for Cremation dates from many years back, when the Cremation Society was first formed; and I placed £200 in the hands of Sir Henry Thompson, to insure my remains being taken to the furnace at Dresden. I had vainly begged my husband to allow my funeral obsequies to consist of nothing more than being thrown into one of the furnaces of Cyfarthfa; but he objected on the very reasonable ground that the workmen would never again work there, saying the furnace was 'haunted.'

Once, and once only, did I ever see a sunset at Cyfarthfa rivalling in its effects the magnificent Italian sunsets which were the glory of Tintoretto.

AN ILLNESS.

One of the episodes of my dear boy's illness still remains in my mind. At Torquay we changed our house twice or three times, in the hope of finding an aspect to suit him. First we were on Beacon Hill; afterwards in a villa some distance off, and no longer in sight of the sea. In each of these

houses his life was despaired of. In the first by two doctors: in the last by myself. The doctor whom I called in, soon after reaching Torquay, on the first cold the poor darling took, was a young man, who made up his mind that he was in a decline, and gave him cod liver oil, which fearfully upset his stomach, and which to this day he remembers. Oh! how he *implored* not to be forced to take it! He got worse and worse daily; the doctor came daily. At last, one night at nine, I sent for him, and told my dreadful fears that the child was slipping through our fingers, his dear pale face more shadowy every day. ‘Oh, no, my dear madam; you alarm yourself needlessly.’

At seven a.m. I sent for two blisters made to a certain size, and these I reserved until I should have made one more appeal to the doctor to allow me to use them. At ten he came, and soon left, saying that he should like a second opinion, and would shortly return with his friend, Dr. R. H. The poor little fellow was asleep when they both arrived. I sent to beg that they would not disturb him, but call again in two hours. Mr. — said he feared that would be too late, as he dreaded the child had not two hours to live.

They saw him. The second doctor did not

examine his chest, but, after a few minutes in consultation, Dr. R. H. said : ‘ I am very sorry to tell you that I in every respect endorse my friend Mr. ——’s opinion. You had better at once telegraph to his father. Mr. —— tells me that you wish to put on blisters. I can only say that you will thereby hasten death, for mortification would ensue. You may try giving him *Liebig’s essence of beef*, and we will send some medicine.’

How I hastened to give the new doctor his two guineas, my only anxiety being to get him out of the house as soon as possible, for I knew every moment was making my chance of fighting death successfully more desperate.

I did not dare tell governess or nurse-maid or anyone that I was no longer going to act under medical advice, for fear of insubordination, or that they should weaken my nerve, for I knew that all, humanly speaking, depended on myself. The doctor who understood his case was at Dowlais, close to Cyfarthfa, and, although I telegraphed to him, on me it depended to hold the citadel of life for the two days-which must intervene before he could arrive.

The two blisters, made after my own fashion, and covered with silver paper, were put under the

lovely clear white delicate little shoulder blades, and a teaspoonful of cream with three drops of brandy in it administered. Then I took him on my lap before the fire, wrapped in a kind of thick light blanket-cloak of my own. In half an hour the beads of perspiration stood on the little brow: the blisters were taken off, and there I sat with him, for six hours, in a heavenly sleep. Once the doctor called to enquire whether he were yet dead; and hearing 'No,' came up, and said he saw a slight change for the better.

'What have you done for him? Have you given him any of our medicine?'

'No; there it lies on the table not unpacked.'

'What have you given him?'

'Brandy and cream.'

'Ah, very nutritious, I daresay.'

At nine at night he called again, and remarking something white about the child's lips, said: 'I see you have been giving him more brandy and cream.'

I replied: 'Frequently; but what you see is a portion of half a grain of calomel.'

He remarked: 'There is such an immense change for the better, that we might now allow you to put on a small blister.'

‘ Mr. —, it is not in my nature to act a dishonest part by anyone; and as you have mentioned blisters, I may as well tell you I put on two this morning directly you left, and you see the result.’

He rose from his chair by the bedside, made me a low bow, and said: ‘ Mrs. Crawshay, you have managed him *admirably* ! ’

After that he called every few hours ‘ to watch the case,’ never offering a suggestion, but merely asking what I was doing.

At last, on the morning of the third day, the joyful sound of Mr. White’s step was heard, and he said: ‘ Tell me all about the little fellow. I met Mr. — on the stairs, and asked him to tell me the case. “ Well,” he said, “ the case is this: three days ago Dr. R. H. and I both agreed the child had not two hours to live. Mrs. C. has done everything diametrically opposite to our orders, and she has cured him ! ” ’

This was by no means the hardest trial I had while at Torquay. After he had recovered from this attack he took some chill, and the whole of the breathing passages were involved. I made him two waistcoats of *spongio pyline*, which were soaked with gin and worn next the skin, and changed as soon as they got dry. But before I

hit on this plan I had one fearful night. I did not think it possible he should see daylight from the violence of asthma and bronchitis combined ; and how pitifully he asked, ' Is it near four ? ' — that being the hour at which the asthma usually remitted its violence.

At last, having done all that was possible, I lay down on my little bed and moaned and writhed with mental agony as I had never moaned before, except in direst physical suffering. At daylight I sent for a new doctor, having no confidence in those who had so entirely mistaken the case before. Mr. —, a nice kindly man, came, and in the early grey morning, with me, stood beside the bed on which the young governess was sleeping a worn-out sleep, and the child the troubled one of disease. After attentively watching him, he accompanied me downstairs, and said : ' I don't think the little fellow will die ; but you, dear madam, you must think of yourself.'

Soon after that our doctor from home came to fetch us away, and at Exeter carried my boy round the Cathedral, for he had already begun to improve. For six weeks that we were at Torquay we had scarcely seen anything but the view from

bedrooms, and when at last we stood on the railway platform, and the kindly post-master, Capt. —, greeted me, I said: 'We are going away in all haste, or else I shall never take my boy away alive, for the climate has nearly killed him.'

'You ought to be very thankful, m'am.'

'What do you mean—thankful that the climate has nearly killed him?'

'This climate only agrees with consumptive patients; therefore you may be sure your son is free from consumption.'

RATIOCINATION.

It is curious how little the most attached mother knows of the working of her children's minds. I had a governess, for my invalid son, who, I thought, was everything that I could wish; but she had lived a great deal abroad, and had strange views as to what was right for the diet of children, and always after cutting up the child's meat would put a quantity of bread crumbs and deluge it with sloppy broth. At last it happened that the great Dr. Todd had an opportunity of seeing the child, and said, 'You must give him a mutton chop frequently, and a glass of wine.'

When this was told to the governess she, with many ominous shakings of the head, warned me how valueless such a prescription would prove. 'I am very sorry, but I cannot put your opinion against that of one of the most eminent physicians in England, and it must be as Dr. Todd says.' She then remarked that she saw my confidence in her was gone, and that it would be better she should leave. I quite agreed, and she suggested going the following week. On this my boy burst into tears, and I, grieved at what a loss she would be to him, said 'Don't cry. I will try to get you some one who will be nice and kind to you even as Mrs. M——. Don't make yourself so miserable at her going.' 'It is not that, but I'm so happy.' This I fear must have been a sad blow to Mrs. M——, but she duly departed.

DR. PEYTON BLAKISTON.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Blakiston began after one of my children had been a few days ailing, when, not seeing the expected improvement, I sent for him, saying I was sure that skilled treatment was necessary.

On calling next day, the child being very much

better, the doctor said: 'I told you that he would soon improve.'

I replied: 'Yes; but you know if he had not been rightly treated a serious illness of at least a fortnight would have ensued.'

'A fortnight! Yes, and probably much longer; but I can assure you this is the first time in my practice of fifty years that I have had credit for an illness saved.'

Soon after Dr. Blakiston had been of such signal service to my son he dined with me *tête-a-tête*, and conversation turning on medical matters, he told me of a then new plan of treating inflammation by alcohol and keeping up the patient's strength. I said: 'I think I have read something very like what you are saying in Dr. Todd's *Clinical Lectures on Pneumonia*.' He laid down his knife and fork, and said: 'Bless me! Have we got a lady who reads Dr. Todd's *Clinical Lectures on Pneumonia*? It was the very book I was quoting!'

On one occasion when he paid me a friendly call, I sent word that I was 'in bed with a bad cold, and too ill to see him.' About ten days after I met him out walking. He said: 'Ah, you've got well, then!' 'Yes,' I said, 'and without your help!'

SIR W. TITE'S VISIT TO NORFOLK CRESCENT was very funny. He called in his brougham one Sunday afternoon when I was staying at my father's, and followed the servant up to the first floor bedrooms; but when requested to mount still higher he made a stand, and said: 'Whom do you take me for?' 'The doctor, sir, and I am taking you to see Mrs. Crawshay, who is ill in bed.' The mistake caused a good deal of amusement. Sir William, calling on me at my father's, was not known to the servants, who were expecting the doctor to call who was equally unknown to them!

AUNT MARY WOOD.

Cyfarthfa in 1846 was much changed from the time when, as my father-in-law told me, there were carriages and four, driven by the owners of Dowlais, Cyfarthfa, Plymouth and Pen-y-darren. My husband's aunt, Mary Wood, and Mr. Wood, were amongst my kindest friends. They invited my husband and self to stay with them shortly after our marriage, at 'The Sheet,' Ludlow, and gave a very good reason for their early invitation. 'We are very glad to see you both, and

can no doubt make you comfortable; but we never admit "babies," a baby would be to us somewhat of a white elephant.' They were old-fashioned people, each having their own carriage and pair, for whom men-servants were required; but no men-servants ever entered the house—only a set of charming parlour-maids waited at dinner, which in those days was remarkable, although many people now appreciate the advantage. It was about eleven o'clock one night, when I said to my husband: 'Your uncle and aunt are odd, and known for their eccentricities; but I never thought they would put men to rake the gravel at this time of night.' Of course he laughed as he explained that it was the Corn-crake, which I heard for the first time!

' L'AFRICAINNE.'

When I first heard ' L'Africaine ' I was so enchanted that, although the opera lasted five hours, I could have willingly sat through another five to hear it again.

Writing this to Aunt Mary, she said: 'How strange, my dear, that only you and I, so far as is known, seem to appreciate this wonderful music!

The critics and everybody are down upon it.' And this was true, but how changed in a few years!

The same with Wagner's music. The first time I heard it, at the Albert Hall, I met a musical critic as I came out. He was abusing it. I said to him: 'I am a great admirer of this music, and predict that it will be the music of the future.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'truly of the future,' pointing significantly downwards. Five years afterwards I reminded him of this, and he said: 'Is it possible that I ever said so?' Thus views change.

MR. RAWDON BROWN.

At Venice, travelling with another lady and my two young sons (then about nine and ten years of age), we met an exceedingly pleasant man at the *table d'hôte*, who expressed his surprise by saying: 'These, then, are your cavaliers, mesdames?' He proposed to take us to a compatriot of ours, where we should see the mode of life in Venice. The next day he arrived with a gondola and eight gondoliers, and took us across the Lido to the house of Mr. Rawdon Brown, who received us

very kindly, and told us that he had come 'to Venice intending to spend a fortnight, and had been there thirty-six years.' He said: 'All places are delightful in spring and summer, but Venice is charming even in winter.' Years afterwards I saw in a *Saturday Review* the notice of a book in which, incidentally, the 'life-long labours' of Mr. Rawdon Brown on the archives of Venice were mentioned. I sent him this copy of the *Review*, and received his delighted thanks, for he said, but for me he should never have seen it; and then proceeded to tell me that Signor —— had married a lady of very high rank, and a son had been born, who was doubly entitled to a place in 'the golden book.'

Mr. Brown told me that he had obtained permission from the Syndicate of Venice that he should be buried in the old Jewish cemetery on the Lido. In 1891 I took a few flowers to place on his grave, but failed to find it, either in the new or old Jewish cemetery, and afterwards heard that his friends had buried him in a church.

So much for wishes with regard to one's last resting place; but those of Richard Wagner were respected, and he lies in his own garden at Baireuth, opposite his study window.

MR. GALLENGA.

I was pleased when the Bishop of Llandaff was here. Speaking of Mr. Gallenga, he said, he had met him and his wife this spring ; that he was a most charming man, and gave him the idea of a thoroughly good, high principled person. He said he has a very handsome house at Llandaff, and kindly put up the Bishop's horses and servant as there was not room at the Vicarage.

Mr. Gallenga, during a sharp earthquake, found himself, with the rest of the people of the hotel, in the garden. It became a question who should fetch the rugs from the hall, and he volunteered. When standing at the top of the flight of marble steps another shock threw him down them on his face, but the great quantity of wraps in his arms saved him from injury. This does not appear in his very entertaining work called ' Episodes of my Second Life ' (Chapman and Hall), nor does the following. He is an excellent linguist, but, going to Russia in the service of *The Times*, he needed an interpreter, and it was agreed that both gentlemen were to fare alike in every respect. The interpreter, however, always ran the bill up for extras by *hors d'œuvres* before dinner, and recom-

mended Mr. G—— to do the same just ‘to wake up his appetite.’ ‘Thank you, sir, my appetite needs no awakening; and if your’s do, it must be wakened at your own cost, not at that of *The Times*.’

When learning Italian with Signor Gallenga, then known as Signor Mariotti, he astonished the class by his knowledge of Tasso. We were short of a book, but he said it did not matter, and giving us the book, he recited word for word, page after page; but he never allowed any of his pupils, as he termed it, ‘to murder Dante.’

PRINCE CAMILLE DE ROHAN.

When walking in the beautiful gardens of Mr. Hanbury at Mortola, near Mentone, the lady who was with me stopped to talk to three young men.

When she rejoined me she said, ‘Those were three princes: Prince ——, Prince ——, and Prince Camille de Rohan.’

I replied, which was Prince Camille de Rohan? for I know his beautiful rose so well; and on her telling me, I saw how justly it had been named, for his rich southern complexion with dark eyes and hair made it quite appropriate.

SIR RICHARD OWEN.

The late Sir Richard Owen was very kind to children. Once when a young son of mine was on his knee, looking at some beautifully-coloured zoological specimens, the candle which was behind them set fire to the Professor's long hair. In a moment I seized the flame with both hands and extinguished it, retaining still the lock of hair which came off. This occurred at Sheen Lodge, after one of those charming Sunday dinners his friends remember so well. Our *menu* was always the same: Soup, a splendid joint of roast beef, and apple tarts; but the 'feast of reason' varied, and many were the Professor's anecdotes. The last time I dined with Sir Richard he told me, in terms of gratitude, of the Queen's goodness in granting the use of the Lodge to his daughter-in-law for life.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

When the great American Essayist, with his daughter, visited Cyfarthfa in April, he was surprised at seeing ripe strawberries, and enquired why Wales was so much forwarder than London.

An evasive reply was the only one that could be given, as those who had read his *Rules for Good Conduct in Life* felt that the fruit would not be touched had the Essayist known the cost of forcing it.

When Professor Emerson was at Cyfarthfa, he gave me a cordial invitation to visit him at Concord, little thinking that soon after his house would be burnt to the ground; but, as is well known, it was rebuilt by his friends and presented to him on his return to America.

LORD AND LADY AMBERLEY.

It was a warm summer afternoon when they drew rein at the gates of Cyfarthfa Castle, being then on a riding tour through South Wales. Her Ladyship dined with us in a borrowed muslin gown, and in the evening we drove to one of the Cyfarthfa free libraries a mile or two down the Taff valley, and they were much struck with the burning *scoria* by the roadside, and were charmed with the collection of books. Next morning they went over the works, were photographed by Mr. Crawshay, and started on their long ride to their home near Chepstow.

THE RIGHT HONBLE. LEONARD COURTNEY, M.P., in the early seventies told me that he was present at a dinner cooked by ladies, which was very successful, 'only our hostess had a cold, which somehow had communicated itself to the dishes'!

FINALE.

On getting out of a Merthyr train at Cardiff, a gentleman whose face I knew, though not his name, came up hat in hand, saying, 'Half-a-dozen of the trade of Merthyr seeing you, Madam, have deputed me, being one of them, to express their hopes that you will not be annoyed at our taking the liberty of showing our great pleasure at seeing you again in these parts.' Of course, I thanked him, and then being temporarily lame, addressed myself to the best way of avoiding stairs; which ended in my going down on the luggage lift; so the last thing the 'trade of Merthyr' saw of me was my disappearance, to the nether regions *à la* Don Juan.

FOUND!

The record of prize takers for

1885!

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Llewellyn	Greenfield
Portal	Milly

1894.

Hughes	Fowler
Kenward	Cowan
Orel	Winston
Overton	Prettyman
Berrington	Page
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